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THE

VILLAGE NOTARY;

A

ROMANCE OF HUNGARIAN LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE HUNGARIAN OF BARON EÖTVÖS,

BY

OTTO WENCKSTERN.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY FRANCIS PULSZKY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

WHEN Joseph, Baron Eötvös, wrote his "Village Notary," and when he dedicated that work to me, neither he nor I could anticipate the sudden and unexpected downfall of the political and social institutions which he attempted to pourtray. It is true that my friend did not, in the present work, make an exclusive use of his poetical faculties. The dregs of opposition were fermenting in his mind, and his ostensible object, to give a sketch of life in a Hungarian province, was mixed up with the desire to make his story act as a lever upon the *vis inertiæ* of our political condition. In those days, the liberal party in Hungary was divided into three factions. Our great reformer, the Count Széchenyi, was worn out by his long and seemingly resultless struggles against the policy of the Court of Vienna. He made a surrender of the leading ideas of his political life. He had ever since 1829 been the champion of equal taxation and of legal equality. He had advocated

the abolition of feudal burdens on the land. But he lived to consider these objects of his former aspirations as matters of secondary import. He became a practical man, and directed his energies to the steam-navigation on the Danube, to the damming and dyking of the river Theiss, to railroads, &c.; and for the furtherance of these plans the Count Széchenyi, though still faithful to his principles, had drawn close to the conservative party, and become reconciled to the government at Vienna. He did not, indeed, deprive himself of the pleasure of recounting numberless anecdotes and sketches from life, all of which tended to prove the incapability and the malevolence of that government; but his voice was silent in the debates of the Parliament, and the whole of his energies were devoted to the execution of practical improvements. "*Make money, and enrich the country!*" such was the advice he gave to us, his younger friends; and he added,—"*An empty sack will topple over; but if you fill it, it will stand by its own weight.*"

Count Széchenyi's practical clique was flanked by a more numerous and influential party. M. Kossuth's parliamentary opposition, taking a firm stand on the letter of the law, waged an unceasing warfare against the machinations of the Vienna bureaucracy.

His party advocated the institutions of the counties, the free election of civic magistrates, and the independence of boroughs; and they stood ready to repel any direct or indirect blow which might be aimed at these institutions. This party was supreme, both in strength and in numbers. The middle classes and the gentry belonged to it; while Széchenyi's followers were members of the high aristocracy, who resided in the metropolis, and who scarcely ever busied themselves about the county elections.

Baron Eötvös was the leader of a third party. He was imbued with the levelling tendencies of French liberalism. The men of Eötvös's school admired the theoretical perfection of Centralisation, and vied with the Vienna party in their aversion to the county institutions, with their assemblies and elections. But the Austrian Camarilla wished to establish the so-called "Paternal Absolutism" in the place of the county institutions; while the Eötvös party dreamed of a free parliamentary government. His party considered Hungary as a "*tabula rasa*," and they endeavoured, in defiance of history, to raise a new political fabric; not on the ground of written law, but on the treacherous soil of the law of nature. It was chiefly composed of young men of letters, who, full of spirit and ability, were but

too prone to discover the weak and faulty parts of the county government, while they were unable to appreciate its practical soundness and its salutary influence. This circumstance caused them to withdraw from the elections, and to look down upon the struggles and contests of parliamentary life. Their doctrines could not, therefore, have any influence. To obtain a license for printing and publishing a newspaper was extremely difficult. Nevertheless, the Eötvös party had got possession of a newspaper. Their leaders, though spirited and witty, failed in bringing their ideas of centralisation home to the minds of their readers. The national instincts of the Hungarian people were opposed to such notions. But so convinced was Baron Eötvös of their truth and justness, that he resolved to publish them and make them popular, at any hazard. He wrote a novel, in which he put together a variety of small sketches and studies from nature, and formed them into one grand picture, for the express purpose of caricaturing the political doings in our counties. But, fortunately for the public, Baron Eötvös was a better poet than a politician, and his political pamphlet ripened, very much against his will, into one of the most interesting works of fiction that the Hungarian literature can boast of. His book was eagerly read and enthusiastically admired,

it was devoid of all political action. Baron Eötvös missed the object at which he aimed; but he carried off a higher prize. Instead of popularising his ideas, he popularised himself, and the poet atoned for the sins of the politician. Nor was this difficult. Baron Eötvös was a thoroughly romantic character. He was more than the hero of a novel: his adventures and his fortunes made him a real hero. His years, though few, had been full of strange vicissitudes, and his life, from the cradle to his mature age, was one uninterrupted chain of strange and untoward events.

The grandfather of Joseph Eötvös was a Hungarian government officer of high rank; his grandmother was a passionate woman, and a furious Magyar. She was therefore greatly incensed at her son (the poet's father) marrying a foreigner, viz., the Baroness Lilien, especially as the young lady had been so utterly neglected as to be ignorant of the Hungarian language. Often did the old lady vent her feelings on this point in the presence of the Baron Lilien, and emphatic were her protests that the German woman would remain childless—a prediction which it may be supposed was not at all calculated to gratify the baron. But when it became apparent that the family of Eötvös was not likely to become extinct,

she changed her tactics by protesting, with the utmost boldness, that a German woman could not, by any chance, give birth to a boy, and that the family of Eötvös would become extinct in default of male issue. Baron Lilien put in a demurrer, and at length laid her a wager of one hundred ducats in favour of his daughter giving birth to a boy. The wager was duly accepted by the baroness, who lost it, and paid the amount, saying: "It's a boy after all, but he will turn out to be a German and stupid. I'll never see him, for I'll never prize him at a hundred ducats!" But the young Baron, Joseph Eötvös, lived to defeat all his grandmother's prophecies. She did indeed remain true to her word, for she never cared for him, and devoted all her tenderness to his younger brother; in her will she cut him off with an old piece of household furniture, which, after all, was taken from him, and given to a distant relative, by virtue of a codicil; but the German grandfather made up for the grandmother's harshness.

Young Joseph's earlier years fell in that period of apathy which weighed down upon Europe after the feverish excitement of the French wars. Constitutionalism and nationality were sneered down as idle and reprehensible things. Hungary, too, partook of the lethargy of Europe; and the

government, which alone was on the alert, made sundry successful attempts to wrest from us part of our old historical rights. The borough elections and the meetings of the counties were interfered with; pains were taken to extend the iron net of Austrian bureaucracy over Hungary; and, in 1823, it was thought that all power of resistance had left us. It was thought that the Hungarian Constitution was breaking up, and ready to be buried in the same grave with the Constitutions of Spain and Italy. The Cabinet of Vienna ventured to strike the last blow. Without consulting the parliament, they raised the taxes, and decreed a larger levy of recruits. These two points, if carried, abolished our Constitution, and crowned the endeavours of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Great hopes of success were entertained at Vienna: the love of our ancient constitution had seemingly become extinct in Hungary; the German language had of late come to be the fashionable idiom at Pesth; and several of the most powerful magnates were willing to assist in completing the ruin of their country. The men at Vienna knew, indeed, that all the counties would demur to the decrees of the Hungarian Chancery, especially since the Chancellor, Prince Kohary, had entered his protest against the intended violation of the Hun-

garian Constitution. But the Cabinet of Vienna were resolved to execute their plan; and, if all other means failed, to *force* the Hungarians into submission. Commissioners with unlimited powers were sent to the refractory counties. These men were instructed to coerce the county meetings by means of the military force. Baron Ignaz Eötvös (the poet's grandfather) was appointed commissioner. He accepted the office. His wife disapproved of the course he had taken, and left his house. The Vienna Cabinet were at length forced to yield to the obstinate resistance of the counties. They revoked their illegal decrees, and the convocation of a parliament was declared to be at hand. But the public voice spoke loud against the commissioners. The Count Illyeshazy became the most popular of all the magnates, because he had declined to accept the post of a commissioner, while those who had consented to act as the tools of oppression were scorned and insulted by the multitude.

Young Joseph Eötvös, was, of course, profoundly ignorant of these events. Pampered by his grandfather, and idolised by his mother, he passed that period of bitter reality amidst all the bright dreams of happy childhood. He was, indeed, informed of the honours and dignities which the

emperor had been most graciously pleased to confer upon his father and grandfather; but he knew nothing of the curses of the people; he knew nothing of the contempt with which his family name was pronounced by the Hungarians. But the time was at hand for him to learn it all, and feel it too. Young Eötvös was sent to a public school.

His father, an able diplomatist, had hitherto placed the boy under the care of a tutor, Mr. Pruzsinsky. This gentleman was a staunch republican. In his earlier years he was a party to the conspiracy of Bishop Martinovich, the friend of Hajnotzy.* Pruzsinsky, with no less than thirty of his associates, had been sentenced to capital punishment. They were compelled to witness the execution of five of their friends. At the same time, they were informed that their punishment had been commuted into imprisonment for life. Hajnotzy, on his way to the scaffold, entreated Pruzsinsky to protect his only sister, whom his death would deprive of her last friend. Pruzsinsky promised to fulfil the last request of the dying man; but it was long before he could redeem his pledge. During eight years he was confined in several Austrian prisons. When the French armies invaded the country, the state prisoners were

* He was executed in 1795.

taken from the Kuffstein to the Spielberg, from the Spielberg to Olmütz, and from Olmütz to Munkatsh; and everywhere they met with that barbarous treatment which, at a later period, has been so faithfully recorded by Silvio Pellico. After eight years of imprisonment, Pruzsinsky was at length released; and, after ascertaining the residence of Hajnotzy's sister, he informed her of the promise he had given to her brother; adding, that his poverty allowed him no other means of protecting her than by offering her his hand. The poor girl, who at that time was reduced to severe distress, joyfully accepted the proposal. They were married. Pruzsinsky lived in the greatest happiness with his wife, whose love and devotion made ample amends for his past sufferings. But this blissful period was of short duration; at the end of two years Mrs. Pruzsinsky died.

The events which we have detailed had their due share of influence in forming Pruzsinsky's character. Naturally severe and independent, it was by misfortune rendered harsh and all but repulsive. Baron Eötvös chose this man to be a tutor to his son, because he expected (and not without some show of reason) that the tutor's severity and his unamiable character would disgust his pupil with the political

ideas of which he was the advocate and the martyr. But the boy took a liking to his master, in spite of the harshness and coldness of the latter; and an event which at that time took place gave Pruzsinsky an opportunity of gaining a still stronger hold on his pupil's mind. Joseph Eötvös was sent to a public school just at the period when every liberal speaker in parliament denounced his family name, and when the country cursed it. The boys shunned young Joseph; the form on which he sat was deserted, and though he would fain have considered this circumstance as a mark of respect, paid to him as the only member of the aristocracy that his school could boast of, he was soon given to understand that there is some difference between honouring a peer and sending him to Coventry. His grandfather, too, on visiting the school, was received by the boys with unmistakeable signs of disrespect; and when young Eötvös demanded an explanation, he was told that his grandfather was a traitor. "And you, too, are a traitor," added they. "You are almost thirteen years of age, and you cannot speak Hungarian. We are sure you will be a traitor!" Young Joseph was not a little shocked at this prediction, and of course consulted his tutor about the likelihood of its ever coming true. Pruz-

sinsky said simply, that the boys were right, and continued grinding his pupil in Cornelius Nepos and the Latin grammar. But Joseph's mind was not what it had been. He studied the Hungarian language, and devoted his attention to the political conversations in his father's *salon*, asking his tutor for an explanation of those things which he did not understand. Thus, for instance, he asked why the decease of the Count N. was so greatly lamented? "Who was the Count N.?" "The Count N.," said Pruzsinsky, "was, by his talents and learning, one of the most eminent men in Hungary: his character was odious. He filled a high post in the state. As for you, boy, you will never equal him in spirit and knowledge." A fortnight afterwards the tutor asked whether Count N.'s death was still the subject of conversation; and when Joseph replied that nobody thought of it, Pruzsinsky said: "This is well. That man has been dead a fortnight, and nobody remembers his death, in spite of his talents. The society to which he sacrificed his name and his honour wants but two weeks to forget his existence. Mark this, boy, and see what thanks you will get from the noble and great!" At another time Pruzsinsky took his pupil to the green behind the Castle at Buda, on which his five friends had been executed.

"Here," said he, "they shed the blood of five true friends of the country. No monument marks the spot where they bled and lie buried, but the feet of the passing crowd have worn the green into the form of a cross, and thus marked the place. The time will come when these men will have their monument. That monument will be a triumphal arch for the liberated people — it will be a gallows for those who opposed our liberties!"

Words like these were calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of young Eötvös, who manifested his political conversion by addressing his schoolfellows in an Hungarian oration, by which he informed them that, though his ancestors had served the house of Austria, and betrayed the interests of Hungary, he (the Baron Joseph Eötvös) was resolved to atone at once for the crime of his fathers, and that he (the said Baron Eötvös) meant to be "liberty's servant, and his country's slave." The boys received this speech with the greatest enthusiasm. They rushed up to the master's desk, which the young orator had converted into a tribune, and, seizing the object of their admiration, lifted him on their shoulders, and carried him to the next coffee-house!

But, alas! how short is the step from the capitol

to the Tarpeian rock! The procession had no sooner reached its destination than the school-master's servant appeared to arrest the speaker. His *début* began on the master's desk; it ended in the black hole.

Amidst these, and similar impressions, passed the boyhood of Baron Eötvös. In the year 1826 the Emperor Francis was compelled to conciliate the good will of the Hungarian parliament. He reiterated his promise to respect the constitutional rights of the country. The season of popular excitement was over, and the hatred to the name of Eötvös grew gradually less. In 1829, the Count Széchenyi published his plans of reform; the old aristocratic opposition of Hungary became a liberal opposition, and the party of national progress grew in strength and numbers. The youth of Hungary joined this latter party. Tours to foreign countries became the order of the day with all young men of education. Baron Eötvös, too, made the grand tour of Europe. He was amiable, and a great favourite with women; some of his occasional pieces had introduced him to the public as a poet; he was rich, — in short, he had all that is requisite to act a brilliant part in the capitals of the Continent.

In the course of the carnival of 1837, Baron

Eötvös, who was then at Paris, was invited by a young Frenchman to accompany him to Mademoiselle le Normand, the notorious Parisian soothsayer. The poet consented; and leaving a brilliant and merry party in the Faubourg du Roule, the two young men repaired to the house of the mysterious lady. Mademoiselle le Normand, after gazing long and earnestly at the handsome face of our hero, said at length, "You are rich. The day will come when you will be poor. You will marry a rich woman. You will be a minister of state in your own country. You will die on the scaffold." Nothing was so unlikely as this prophecy: Baron Eötvös was greatly amused with it, and after his return to Hungary, he used to tell the anecdote for the amusement of his friends.

The financial crisis of 1841, and the money speculations of the old Baron Eötvös, led the family to the brink of ruin. Joseph Eötvös was compelled to live by his pen; anywhere but in England and France, the bread of literature is poverty indeed. In 1842, he married an amiable and accomplished woman; but still he smiled at Mademoiselle le Normand's prophecy. As a peer and as a public writer, he belonged to the extreme opposition; and although his party had the greatest influence in the country, there was no reason to suppose that

it would ever be called upon to grasp the reins of government. The movements of the year 1848 changed the aspect of affairs and the position of parties. A cabinet was formed under the auspices of the Count Batthyany; and Joseph Baron Eötvös was one of the members of that cabinet. In the month of August the political horizon of Hungary became clouded: Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, prepared to invade our country. The duplicity of the Vienna Cabinet became daily more manifest. The landsturm assembled in Pesth. The Count Lamberg fell a victim to the unbridled passions of the people. The Croatians advanced almost to the very gates of Buda. Le Normand's prophecy came home to Baron Eötvös's mind, and scared him to Vienna. But he had scarcely reached the Austrian capital, when the revolution of October broke out. Eötvös fled. He hastened to Munich, and remained in voluntary exile, without taking any active interest in the fate of his country and the wayward fortunes of his friends. His career as a statesman is ended for many years to come. It is to be hoped that his faculties as a writer will survive the blow which crushed his country; and that his countrymen will have many a song and a few more novels from so clever and spirited a pen. It is the pleasing

office of fiction to reconcile us to the anxieties and misfortunes of real matter-of-fact life. May my friend succeed in pouring balm into the fresh wounds of the country; and may his works alleviate, though it be but for a moment, the anguish which in this season of sorrows eats into the heart of every Hungarian!

FRANCIS PULSZKY.

THE VILLAGE NOTARY.

CHAPTER I.

THE traveller in the districts on the lower Theiss, however narrow the circle of his peregrinations, may be said to be familiar with the whole of that part of Hungary. Some families boast of the resemblance, not to say the identity, of their members. To distinguish one from another, we must see them long and often. The case of these districts is very much the case of those families; and the traveller, after a few hours' sleep on our sandy roads, has no means of knowing that he has made any progress, unless, indeed, it be by looking at the setting sun, or his jaded horses. Neither the general character nor the details of the country will remind him of his having been subjected to

locomotion. As well might the seaman on the Atlantic endeavour to mark his course on the watery plain which surrounds him. A boundless extent of pasturage, now and then diversified by a broken frame over a well, or a few storks that promenade round a half dried up swamp; bad fields, whose crops of kukuruz and wheat are protected by God only, and by that degree of bodily fatigue to which even a thief is exposed;—perhaps a lonely hut, with a couple of long-haired wolf-dogs, reminding you of the sacredness of property; and the ricks of stale hay and straw, left from the harvest of last year, impressing you with the idea that their owners must either have an excess of hay, or a want of cattle: — such were the sights upon which you closed your eyes, and such, indeed, are the sights which you behold on awaking. The very steeples, which, before you fell asleep, were visible on the far plain, seem to have gone along with you; for there is as little difference between them, as between the village which you were approaching in the early part of the afternoon and the one to which you are now drawing near. The low banks of the Theiss, too, are the same; our own yellow Theiss is not only the best citizen of our country,—for it spends its substance at home,—but it is also the luckiest river

in the world, since nobody ever interferes with it. The Theiss is, in fact, the only river in Europe of which it may be said that it is exactly such as God has made it.

Somewhere on the banks of the lower Theiss, in any of its districts,—say in the county of Takshony, —close to where the river flows in the shape of a capital S, and at no great distance from three poplars on a hill (there is not a hill for many miles in whichever direction you may go, and, least of all, a hill with trees upon it), lies the village of Tissaret, under the lordship of the Rety family, who have owned the place ever since the Magyars first came into the country,—a fact which Mr. Adam Catspaw, the solicitor of the family, is prepared to prove at all times, and in all places, to any one that might be inclined to doubt it.

Than the family of the Retys none can be more ancient; and it cannot therefore be a cause for wonder that the village of Tissaret came in for a few spare rays of that dazzling brilliancy which surrounded its masters. There is a large park, in which the trees, which were planted as early as thirty years ago, have grown to a fabulous height. There is a pond, the waters of which are sometimes rather low, but which, no matter whether high or

low, are always beautifully green, like the meadow around. In rainy weather that meadow is rather more sandy than the paths, which, though frequently covered with fresh earth, are still sometimes in a condition which induces strangers to call them dirty, thereby astonishing the gardener, who thinks that they are exactly what paths ought to be. And, besides, there is a large castle, with a high roof with gilt knobs on the same; and with a Doric hall, in which the sheriff used to smoke his pipe; and with a gothic gate, in front of which a crowd of supplicants might at all times be seen loitering and losing their time. There is a yard, with stables to the left, and a glass-house and a hen-roost to the right, without mentioning the grand dunghill which covers more than one half of the stables. Every thing, in short, is grand and comfortable, and shows — especially the high-road from the door of the house to the county-town, and which has been made expressly for the Retys — that the place is the residence of a sheriff.

All the buildings of the Retys are of a monumental character; and the more so, since one distinguishing feature in monuments, viz. their being built at the public expense, belonged to every fabric, road or bridge, made by the Retys. Every one in the

county knew of this fact; and, though a few persons pretended to blame them for it, the great majority of the people were quite satisfied, as, indeed, it was their bounden duty to be.

But there will be plenty of occasions in the sequel to make my readers acquainted with the beauties and comforts of the seat of the Retys, and of the village of Tissaret. For the present, I will take them by the hand and lead them about two miles from the said village, to the hill which is commonly called the Turk's Hill, and which is remarkable, not only for its three trees, but also for the distant view you enjoy on it of the mountains of Tokay, which, on a clear day, like the one that opens this tale, may be seen looming in the distance like dark-blue hay-stacks.

The warm rays of an October sun fell upon the plains of Tissaret; there was not a cloud in the sky, not a speck of dust on the heath. The solemn silence of the scene was interrupted only by those vague sounds which herald the approach of evening,—the carol of the birds, the faint tinkling of distant sheep-bells, and the song of a lonely workman wending his way homeward, with his scythe on his shoulder. The view from the hill commands the country to the wood of St. Vilmosh, the acacias of Tissaret, and the

far windings of the Theiss. On that hill there are two men, whom I take the liberty of introducing to my readers as Mr. Jonas Tengelyi, the notary, and Mr. Balthasar Vandory, the curate of the village of Tissaret.

Every aristocracy has its marks of distinction. Long nails, a tattooed face, a green or black dress, a button on the hat, a ribbon in the button-hole, a sword or a stick with an apple, — these are a few of the marks which in various times and places have served, and still serve, to separate them from the common herd; which, wherever that strange animal — man — has left the savage state and become domesticated, part them asunder from their birth to their dying hour; and which, in the most civilised countries, show you by the very gallows that the culprit is not only a thief, but also a plebeian. Nature, too, has her nobility; she, too, puts marks of distinction on her aristocrat, by which you may know her elect, in spite of all the preachers of a general equality. Nature does not, indeed, compete with civilisation in ennobling a man's fathers that lived before him, or the babe unborn that is to call him father, — but there are cases in which Nature's nobility is unmistakeably expressed in individuals. Any man that has once seen the notary

Jonas Tengelyi, will confess that my statement is correct; and to make this fact still more comprehensible, I will add that Tengelyi's nobility dates more than a hundred years back, and that, in the present instance, Nature had all the advantages which the "usus" could give her.

Tengelyi is about fifty years of age, though his thin locks sprinkled with flakes of grey, and the deep wrinkles with which Time has marked his forehead, would cause you to think him older; but then he is like a sturdy oak, with gnarled roots and branches bearing witness to its age, while its leaves are still fresh and green, and show that there is a strong and hearty life in it. Tengelyi's manly form and erect bearing under his silvery locks, and his shining eyes beneath his wrinkled forehead, bespeak him at once as a man whom Time has not broken, but steeled,—and who, like colours that have seen many a battle-field, in the course of years, had lost nothing but his ornaments.

The man who, sitting at Tengelyi's side, counts the petals of a flower, while his eyes are directed to the blue mountain-tops of Tokay looming in the distance, appears still more advanced in age, and his mild and regular features form a striking contrast to the severity which is the leading characteristic of Tengelyi's

face. That face exhibits the traces of fiery passions and fierce contentions, which, though soothed into oblivion, might still under circumstances break forth afresh; while Vandory's features might be likened to a clear sky, on which the passing storm has left no trace. Vandory's appearance needs no aid from his clerical dress to inform you that you accost one of those men whom God has sent to represent his mercy upon earth. The notary's bearing shows an honest man, who had but little happiness in the world,— while Vandory is a living demonstration of the old adage, that virtue is its own reward, even in this world of ours.

Vandory at length interrupted the silence which the two friends had observed for the last half-hour, by saying, "Where are your thoughts, my friend?"

"I scarcely know," was Tengelyi's reply. "I thought of my youth,—of Heidelberg,—of my career as a 'jurat.' Do you sometimes think of Heidelberg? *I* do; and whenever my thoughts return to the green mountains and the bright rivers of that country, I feel inclined to quarrel with fate for casting my lot in this desolate champaign."

"Do not, I pray, abuse our country," said Vandory, smiling. "What can be greener than this meadow? Is not that river beautiful, flowing as it

does among the reeds? And what can be more striking than the far steeples and the mountains of Tokay? As for the blue sky and the rays of the setting sun, they are beautiful anywhere. You are very unjust, sir, and that is the long and the short of it."

"And you are the greatest optimist I ever met with," rejoined Tengelyi; "there is not a man on earth but you can talk of his good qualities, and by the hour too. But your taking this country under your protection makes me verily believe that God, for all that he is omnipotent, cannot create anything so bad but that you would hit upon some redeeming point in it."

"Why should I quarrel with His works?" said Vandory. "We ought to be at peace with all men, —and with all countries, too," added he, smiling.

"We ought—but all cannot!"

"We can. Believe me, we are all optimists, every man of us. God made his creatures for happiness; and as Scripture says that heaven and hell are both peopled by the denizens of paradise, so is each joy and each sorrow the result, not of our nature, but of our will."

"But experience!" interposed Tengelyi.

"Experience proves but what we wish it to prove.

If you are pleased with the present, you will find pleasant reminiscences in the past, and *vice versâ*. Go merrily to the glass, and you will see a smiling face in it; and even Echo, lovelorn woman though she be, will speak in joyful notes, if you but address her with accents of joy."

Tengelyi laughed. "There is no disputing with you. I trust when Mr. Catspaw's 'canonisation' comes on, that they will retain you as Heaven's advocate. You will then have a fair chance of showing how many occasions for the exercise of signal virtues that worthy Catspaw gave in his life; for every body who ever refrained from thrashing him, exercised the virtue of self-denial to a remarkable extent. The very hare which the young gentlemen are hunting down yonder ought to be counselled not to appeal to you. You would tell her that to be hunted to death is a hare's happiness and pride. Indeed," added Tengelyi, with great bitterness, "you have undertaken quite as difficult a task in endeavouring to convince your parishioners of what you are pleased to call their happiness, and in pointing out to them for what they ought to be thankful to Providence."

But this taunt was lost upon Vandory, whose whole attention was with the hunt, which then took the direction of the Turk's Hill. "This is savage

sport," cried the clergyman at length, "one unworthy of Christian men. I cannot understand how men of education and parts can delight in it!"

"Still it engages your interest," said Tengelyi; and, casting a look at the hunting-party, who were just assembled round the body of the wretched hare, he added, with a sigh, "Alas! *these* men are happy!"

"As for me," repeated Vandory, "I cannot understand how men of education can delight in that sort of thing."

"I dare say you cannot," rejoined Tengelyi, smiling. "Rarely as we understand the sorrows of others, their joys are a sealed book indeed. But this sport is much the same with other enjoyments which pride or strength procures us. To spy an object out, to hunt it, to gain upon it, and at length to seize it, is indeed a happy feeling — no matter whether the object is a hare or whether it is the conquest of a country. It is always the same sensation; and the difference, if any, is for the spectator, but not for the actor."

"But this is cruel. Consider the sufferings of the poor animal! What an unequal contest! A score of dogs and horsemen after *one* hare. It is really shocking."

"You are quite right about the inequality," re-

torted Tengelyi, "but where in this world do you see a fair fight? The cotton-lord and the factory-workman—the planter and the negro—they are all unequally matched. Believe me, friend, hare-hunting is not a very cruel sport, if compared to some which I could name."

Vandory sighed, and though, as an optimist, fully convinced of Tengelyi's being in the wrong, he resolved to reserve his reply; for Akosh Rety and his party, seeing the two friends on the hill, advanced from the plain and put a stop to the conversation.

Of the company which now assembled round the notary and the old clergyman, there can be no doubt that my lady-readers would be most struck with Akosh Rety and Kalman Kishlaki. They were very handsome; indeed it was a common saying in the county of Takshony, that handsomer young men could not be found in any six counties of Hungary. They showed to great advantage after the hunt, with their flushed faces, and their curly hair escaping disorderly from beneath their small round hats. Their short blue shooting-coats, too, gave them an appearance of great smartness, and——but I am conscious of my duty as a Magyar author, and I know that the Justice ought to have the precedence in his own district. I therefore beg leave to introduce to my

honoured readers the justice and his clerk, Mr. Akosh Rety's companions in the hunt.

Learned men maintain that our country is inhabited by a race of classic, viz., of Scythian, origin. At times we may forget this fact; for, even among the men whose names most unmistakeably proclaim our Eastern source, there are many whom any one but a philologist would class with quite a different race of people. It is notorious that the current of the Rhine loses itself in mud and sand. Even so are the descendants of families who were glorious in their generation, intént upon magnifying their fathers by eschewing to eclipse the brilliancy of ancestral fame. There are men of whose high descent we are only reminded by the impossibility to conceive what they could live on, unless it were on the inheritance of their fathers.

Far different is Paul Skinner, the justice of the district. Every doubt about the authenticity of our national origin must vanish on seeing him on his dun horse and lighting his pipe; for Paul Skinner is a striking evidence of the fact that the Scythian blood of our ancestors still flourishes in the land.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the administration of Hungary, I ought to remark that the office of a district justice is unquestionably the

most troublesome and laborious in the world. A district justice is a firm pillar of the state; he upholds public order,—he protects both rich and poor,—he is the judge and the father of his neighbourhood; without him there is no justice — or, at the least, no judicature. All complaints of the people pass through his hands; all decrees of the powers that be are promulgated and administered by him. The district justice regulates the rivers, makes roads, and constructs bridges. He is the representative of the poor, the inspector of the schools; he is lord chief forester whenever a wolf happens to make its appearance; he is "protomedicus" in the case of an epidemic; he is justice of the peace, the king's advocate in criminal cases, commissioner of the police, of war, of hospitals; in short, he is all in all,—the man in whom we live, move, and have our being.

If, among the six hundred men holding that office in our country, there is but one who neglects his duty, the consequence is that thousands are made to suffer: a want of impartiality in one of them kills justice for many miles round; if one of them is ignorant, Parliament legislates in vain for the poor. And whoever will condescend to compare the reward with the labour, and consider that, besides a salary of from 100 to 150 florins per annum, a district justice

must expect, after three years' impartial administration of his office, to lose it by the instrumentality of some powerful enemy, — whoever, I say, considers all this, must confess that there are in this country either six hundred living saints, or as many hundred thousand suffering citizens.

From what I have stated it is easy to see that there are two drawbacks to the office of a district justice, viz. too much work and too little pay. There are indeed some justices who endeavour to doctor their dignity, by neglecting part of it, viz. the work, — and who of the other part, — that is to say, of the pay, — take more than the law obliges them to take. But the more enlightened, scorning such petty improvements, advocate the principle of out-and-out reform in all that regards the faulty composition of their office. Most wisely do they accept of what the office yields with such profusion, (viz. work,) only when it promises to yield what they lack, viz. pay. Most wisely, I say; for how else could Spectabilis Paul Skinner rear his four sons to be pillars of the state? and how else could he possibly make the respectable figure which suited his office, and on the strength of which, whenever he, as chief dignitary, perambulates the happy meads of the district of Tissaret, he imparts a salutary quaking to the said

happy meads? — of course I mean to their humblest part, — to the abandoned population which presumes to solicit a share of the most precious treasure of civil liberty, viz. justice, and for nothing too.

But even those who know nothing of all this cannot fail to feel, in Paul Skinner's presence, that sacred awe which is so necessary for the maintenance of order. His external appearance is calculated to frighten both the innocent and the guilty. Fancy a bony man, bilious, and wrinkled like a baked apple; add to these graces a black beard, a pair of large mustaches, green piercing eyes, which, it appears, are made to wound rather than to see, and the short pipe which sticks to him like any other member of his body, — fancy a tone of voice so shrill, so cutting, that it alone can frighten the whole population of a village, and you will confess that every body in the district (with the sole exception of the rogues) must tremble on beholding Paul Skinner. But never did Justice assume a more terrible shape than when she appeared in the guise of the said Paul Skinner travelling his circuit. Then might be seen the four horses with their postilion, furnishing a living demonstration of the rapid progress of Hungarian justice; behind the postilion, the county hussar

with his feathered calpac; and — "post equitem sedet atra cura," — behind the hussar a bundle of sticks, reminding the lovers of antiquity of the old Roman lictors (thus named from their *licking* propensities); and behind the sticks the judge, always smoking and sometimes cursing, his feet stuck in a huge but empty sack, which, "quia natura horret vacuum," travels with its master that it may be filled. Even the boldest were frightened out of their wits by this gradation of terrors.

It is impossible to conceive the idea of a district justice without a clerk. Nature produces all creatures in pairs; and the Hungarian Constitution, proceeding from natural principles, and acting up to them, produces Justice only by the joint agency of two beings, viz. judge and clerk. After introducing my readers to Mr. Skinner, it is but just that I should recommend Mr. Kenihazy to their notice. That gentleman is at this moment engaged in an interesting conversation with one of the dogs, and in the joy of his heart — for that lucky dog caught the hare! — he has just uttered certain quaint imprecations, which a shepherd was fined at the last sessions for using. Andreas Kenihazy, or Bandi Batshi, as his most intimate friends are in the habit of calling him, is his master's right hand. He is not such

a right hand as may sometimes be found among other assistants, who, according to the words of Scripture, unconscious of the doings of the left hand, that is to say, of the justice, do the very reverse of what he did. No! Bandi Batshi is a loyal right hand, co-operating to the welfare of the whole of which it is part. As a good Christian, Kenihazy practised the lesson about the smiting of cheeks. Whenever his superior was insulted (that is, when he was bribed, which is the greatest insult you can offer a judge), Kenihazy would hold out his hand also, nor would he be pacified unless he was exposed to a like indignity. Nevertheless, Kenihazy was not easy to be bribed. To insult him was a difficult and dangerous business; and those who had once witnessed the outpourings of disgust with which the honest man resented so gross an outrage, trembled when they offered their gift to that righteous judge, who, for all that, remained mindful of his oath, and who, to make matters even, showed himself most favourable to those who had tried his temper, unless, indeed, the other party gave still greater offence.

We are sure to meet Kenihazy again, and we will not therefore expatiate on his blue jacket, which once upon a time boasted of a dozen buttons,—or his waistcoat, which owes its present colour to the sun,

—or the time-honoured neckcloth, which gave the wearer a hanging look—and much less on his grey pantaloons. We mention his round hat and his boots and spurs merely in order to say that Kenihazy is the very picture of seedy gentility; and, having said thus much, we turn to a certain prejudice, which, though luckily obsolete in life, is generally accepted in theory. The prevailing opinion of the venality of judges is, I protest, utterly groundless. It has no foundation but those feelings of envy, which low people are wont to indulge in with respect to their betters.

Not to mention the fact, that according to our laws—and according to laws of which the boldest innovator dare not say that they are obsolete, inasmuch as their antiquity makes them venerable—our judges are allowed to accept presents: we need only point out the high estimation in which gratitude was held by all nations, both ancient and modern. To be good, a man ought to be grateful; and is it not therefore very wrong to insist upon a judge showing himself insensible to kindness? We are told we ought to do by others as we wish them to act by ourselves. Supposing now A., the judge, to be in the place of him from whom he accepts a present; that is to say, suppose A., the judge, were to plead a cause,

about the justice of which he entertained some modest doubts, would not A. be very happy if the learned gentleman who sits on his case were to take a present and pronounce judgment accordingly?— and this being the case, ought not A. to deal with his fellows as he wishes to be dealt with by them?

It is a legal maxim that the judge ought to consider and weigh the proofs which are preferred in the suit. Supposing now the proofs of the claimant and those of the defendant are of equal merit, or nearly so, and supposing the claimant adds a few bank-notes to the legal documents, without the adverse party making a rejoinder to a plea of such universal power; what, in the name of fair dealing, can the judge do, but give judgment for the best pleader?

Returning to the party on the hill, we find Kalman eagerly disputing with Vandory. Their conversation was, of course, of the merits of hare-hunting. Tengelyi and Akosh took no part in it; — the former because he protested that the subject was one about which on consideration there could be but *one* opinion, while every body would at times act in opposition to that opinion; and Akosh declined to second his friend's argument, because his mind and heart were hunting on another track. He inquired of old Tengelyi how his daughter Vilma was, and

his blushing face showed that he thought more of Vilma than of all the hares in the world. Tengelyi gave him but short answers, and even those reluctantly. Paul Skinner and his clerk conversed about the election, and of the means of gaining the public confidence. The names of certain villages occurred frequently in their interesting dialogue; and when Mr. Skinner, brightening up, murmured, "Ten butts, one dollar," Kenihazy was heard to respond with, "That will do to keep us in!" and, giving vent to his satisfaction, the worthy clerk, knocking his spurs together, blew an immense column of smoke from his pipe. In fact, he smoked with such violence, that one might have likened him to a steam-engine, but for the indecency of comparing a vulgar working machine with an Hungarian gentleman.

The party were about to leave, when their attention was suddenly directed to something which was going on in the plain below. Two men on horseback, and one on foot, were seen approaching over the heath; and it was remarked that the individual, whose means of locomotion were so unequally matched with those of his companions, walked in front of the horses, and sometimes even between them. The servants of the party, nay, the very justice, were in doubt as to who or what they were; whether

Pandurs or robbers, for at that distance it was quite impossible to make out the difference, which doubtlessly does exist, between brigands and the familiars of the Hungarian Hermandad. On a nearer approach, however, all doubts were removed by the considerate manner in which the cavaliers sought to divert the attention of the pedestrian from the length of the way, by beating him; and it was at once clear that these were servants of the county escorting a prisoner, whom they were subjecting to the customary introductory proceedings.

"Let somebody ride down to the Pandurs and tell them to bring the culprit to this place," said Mr. Skinner to his clerk. "I'm sure he is one of Viola's gang; his case ought to be tried by a court-martial.* What did I tell you?" he continued, turning to Akosh, "I was sure we should catch the birds; and though I may not be re-elected, I mean at least to deserve the confidence of the county by hanging a parcel of the beggars on this hill."

"Not before you've caught them, and I doubt whether you ever will. Tengelyi says it is next to impossible to find an honest man. Now your example proves that nothing is more easy, because

* See Note L.

hitherto you've caught none but honest men; and I would almost swear," added Akosh, "that Viola's comrade, the mighty outlaw whom your people are bringing us, and to whose hanging you mean to treat the county,—that other Jaromir and Angyalbandi*, —is no less a personage than our old gipsy."

Upon this everybody recognised old Peti, and there was a general burst of laughter.

"Poor Peti!" cried Akosh with a great show of sentiment. "The country cannot boast of a man more gifted, more useful. When a house is built, it is he who makes the bricks; when a lock is out of order, he puts it to rights. He is a born blessing to property. He shoes your horse and fastens your spurs; there is not a wedding but he plays the first fiddle at it; nay, he is useful to the last moment of your life, for he digs your grave. It is said of him that, in his youth, he served the state as a hangman. Truly, truly, the world is ungrateful to great men, but still more so to useful men!"

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Mr. Skinner, looking still more solemn and black than was his wont. "Possibly there is a case for a 'statarium.' As for me, I don't think it is your old gipsy, but if ——"

* See Note II.

"*If* it is not Peti," cried Akosh, laughing; "if that fellow dares to sport a white skin, there is not, of course, any obstacle to his being hanged."

"Enough of this! who says the fellow yonder is not a gipsy? but I say, who knows whether that old rascal, whom you mistake for an innocent musician ——"

"Has not masqueraded as a gipsy all along! But you will bring the truth to light. You, Skinner, will skin the culprit. You'll strip him of his brown hide; you'll show the world that Viola the great robber is identical with Peti the gipsy."

"Don't make a fool of *me*, sir! I won't suffer it!" cried the justice, whose pipe had gone out with the excess of his rage. "Paul Skinner is not the man whom you can fool, I can tell you! But never mind; who knows what that fellow Peti has done all his life besides brick-making? and I apprehend that if he set out with being a hangman, he'll end with being a hanged man."

This said, the justice lighted his pipe, muttering his imprecations against untimely jokes and bad tinder.

Poor Peti had meanwhile proceeded to a distance of five hundred yards from the Turk's Hill; and so great was the good man's natural politeness, that

even at that distance he bowed to the party on the hill. Little did he know the intensity of Paul Skinner's rage; but the first words of the worthy magistrate showed him that it was an evil hour, indeed, in which he had come before his judge.

"Hast at last gone into the snare, thou precious bird?" thundered Skinner. "Never mind, you old rascal! never mind! I'll pay you, and with a vengeance, too!"

"Most sublime ——" sighed the wretched musician; but the justice, unmindful of this appeal to his better feelings, continued:—

"Hold your tongue! I know all! all, I tell you. And if you will not confess, I'll freshen your memory!"

"Most sublime Lord!" sighed Peti; "I am an innocent, poor, old man. I——"

"Dog!" retorted Mr. Skinner. "If you dare to bark, I'll pull your ears, that you shall not forget it to the day of judgment. Is it not horrible? the profligate fellow would give me the lie!"

"No, sweet, gracious Lord!" cried Peti, weeping; "I do not deny any thing, but ——"

"It's better for you; at all events, we need not ask you any questions. The judge knows every thing." Turning to the Pandurs, Mr. Skinner

added: "Now Janosh, tell me, what did you bring that culprit for?"

"Only because we have been told to arrest all suspicious characters."

"Ah!" cried Akosh, "and the old musician is a suspicious character! You are fine fellows, and ought to be promoted!"

"We'll see that by and by!" snarled Mr. Skinner. "Now tell us, Janosh, what is the old rascal's crime?"

"Why," said the Pandur, "the long and the short of it is, that it was about three o'clock,—was it not, Pishta?—after having had our dinner and rest at the Murder-Tsharda, we rode up to St. Vilmosh forest. We had been on our legs from an early hour this morning, and were apprehensive that we should not be able to obey his worship's orders about arresting at least one suspicious character, when Pishta spied a horseman near St. Vilmosh forest, and a man to whom he was talking. 'Suppose this is Viola,' said Pishta, who was just lighting his pipe. 'Ah, indeed! suppose this is Viola!' said I; and when I looked at the horseman, I thought it was ——"

"Viola?" said Mr. Skinner, with a voice which left no doubt about the answer which he expected.

"I'm sure it was he, your worship," replied Janosh; "I'll bet any thing it was he."

"Now this fellow is short-sighted," interrupted Akosh; "I wonder how many robbers Pishta saw."

"We'll see that by and by!" said Mr. Skinner, angrily. "The devil may be a judge when robbers and vagabonds find such protection. Go on. What happened next? Did you see any thing more of the criminal?"

"How was it possible? We spurred our horses on, but the poor beasts were so tired they would not run; and when we came to the place, we found no one but the old gipsy, walking to St. Vilmosh."

"Well?" said the judge impatiently.

"Of course they handcuffed him, for who knows what outrage he might have committed if he had come to St. Vilmosh," cried Akosh. "They are the very fellows to be sent after robbers. They will soon starve all robbers, by preventing honest men from leaving their houses."

Old Peti saw that he had found a protector. Growing bolder, he asked to be freed from his handcuffs, and though the justice opposed, he yielded at length to the entreaties of Kalman, Akosh, and Vandory, though not without muttering something about "patibulandus" and "fautores criminum."

"And what happened when you came up with

the gipsy?" said Mr. Skinner, again addressing the Pandurs. "Was there any thing very suspicious about the old hang-dog scoundrel?"

"There was indeed!" said Janosh, twirling his moustache. "When we came up with the gipsy,—which was rather late, for the old Moor ran very fast,—Pishta called out to him, at which he appeared frightened."

"Frightened?" said Mr. Skinner. "Frightened, indeed; I'd be glad to know the reason;" and the Clerk, shaking his head, added, "This is indeed suspicious!"

"Begging your lordship's pardon," cried the gipsy, "the gentlemen swore at me, and cocked their pistols, which made me believe that they were robbers."

"Hold your tongue, you cursed black dog! If you say another word, you shall have beating enough to last you a twelvemonth." Having thus mildly admonished the prisoner, Mr. Skinner proceeded with the "benevolum." "Go on, Janosh," said he.

And Janosh went on: "Upon this Pishta asked him, 'Where is Viola?' and he answered, 'I never saw him.'"

"But we saw him in conversation with Viola!" cried the second Pandur. "I said, 'Peti, you are a liar; we have seen you talking to Viola! and unless

you confess it, we'll make you dance to a queer kind of music."

"What did the gipsy say to that?" asked the Clerk.

"He said he did not know who the horseman was, which made me angry; for your worship is aware that Peti knows every body. When he saw me angry, he wanted to run away."

"Oh, Goodness gracious!" cried the gipsy; "why should I not run away, when they fell to beating me, and offered to handcuff me?"

"An honest man," said Kenihazy sententiously, "cares not for handcuffs."

"I thought so too," quoth Janosh; "therefore, when we saw that he was indeed a criminal, we hunted him down, bound his hands, and took him to his worship."

"You did your duty," said Mr. Skinner. "Now take the old fox to my house. To-morrow we'll commit him to gaol."

"But," cried Peti, "I assure your worship I am as innocent as the babe unborn!"

"I dare say you are!" said the justice with a bitter sneer. "You don't know Viola,—of course you don't. Who shod Viola's horse? eh?"

"Yes, I do know him," sighed the gipsy; "but is

it my fault that I lived in the same village with him? Heaven knows how long! for Viola was the best man in the world before he fell into the hands of the County Court. I confess that I did shoe his horses; but what is an old man to do against robbers armed with sticks and pistols?"

"But why do the robbers come to you? Why don't they employ honest smiths?"

"I think," said Peti, quietly, "the robbers prefer coming to my house because I do not live in the village."

"And why do you not live in the village? you scarecrow!"

"Because, my lord, the sheriff will not allow the gipsies to live in the village since Barna Jantzi's house was burned. This is hard enough for an old man like myself."

Every one of these answers was, in Mr. Skinner's eyes, a violation of the judicial dignity. The best of us dislike being mistaken in our opinion as to the merit of our fellow men. We would rather pardon their weaknesses, than be brought to shame by their good qualities. No wonder then that Paul Skinner, whose knowledge of self had given him a very bad idea of his species, would never believe a man to be innocent, whom he once suspected of any

crime. It is but natural that, in the present instance, he did all in his power to make the gipsy's guilt manifest.

"Never mind," said he, "I wonder whether you'll give yourself such airs when you are in *my* house; Viola too will be caught by to-morrow morning. Take him to my house, and don't let him escape, — else ——".

Upon this the Pandurs prepared the handcuffs, when Akosh interfered, offering to be bail for the gipsy's appearance. Mr. Skinner, however, was but too happy to have his revenge for the jokes which the young man had made at his expense in the course of the interrogatory.

"You know I am always happy to oblige you," said he, "but in the present instance it is impossible. By to-morrow Viola will be caught, and it will be then found that this gipsy is one of his accomplices."

"If you keep Peti until Viola is caught," said Kalman Kishlaky, "you'll keep the poor fellow to the end of time."

"We'll see that!" sneered the justice. "All I say is, I am informed that he is to be at the Tsharda of Tissaret this very night. He'll find us prepared. We take the landlord and his family, bind them, and lock them up in the cellar, while the Pandurs, dis-

guised as peasants, wait for him at the door. I all arranged, I tell you."

"Of course always supposing Viola will co said Akosh.

"This time he will come," replied Mr. Ski with great dignity. "I have trusty spies."

Old Peti seemed greatly, and even painfi struck with this intelligence. His brown face hibited the lively interest he felt in Viola's dan and his features were all but convulsed when heard of the preparations for the capture of robber. It was fortunate for him that his ex ment was not remarked by any but Tengelyi; when Mr. Skinner at length turned his searc eye upon his captive, he saw no trace of old P emotions in his imploring attitude. The Pan were in the act of removing their prisoner, w the latter, turning to Akosh, said:—

"I most humbly intreat you, since I *must* g prison, to tell my Lord, your father, that old is in gaol, and that it is not my fault if the letter not come to hand."

"What letters?" said Akosh.

"My Lord's letters, which he gave me," answ the gipsy, producing a packet from beneath lining of his waistcoat, and handing it to Ak

"I am my Lord's messenger; and I should not have been too late, for my lady promised me a present for taking these letters to St. Vilmosh before sunset, but for these —— gentlemen, who caught me when I entered the forest."

Akosh took the letters, opened them, and, having perused their contents, he handed them to Mr. Skinner, who appeared not a little distressed after reading them.

"You've spoiled it," said Akosh in a low voice. "If you lose your election you have at least one comfort, namely, that you have defeated your own plans. With the three hundred votes from St. Vilmosh against you, you have not even a chance."

"I trust not," murmured Mr. Skinner; "I trust not. The men of St. Vilmosh ——"

"Are by no means fond of you; and if they elect you, they do it to please their notary, who is, indeed, on my father's side; but Heaven knows how long! This morning we learned that Bantornyi's party were negotiating with him, but that they could not agree. My father writes these letters, promises to comply with all the notary's demands, and invites the St. Vilmosh gentry to come to him and pledge their votes. So far all is right. But you interfere with your Pandurs, you stop our mes-

senger, and assist our enemies, who will by this time have repented of their stinginess."

"But who could have foreseen that your father would send an important message by a man like Peti?"

"Did not I tell you," said Akosh, evidently amused by the judge's perplexity, "that old Peti is our servant and messenger. Who would ever have thought of the sheriff's quick-footed gipsy being taken up and handcuffed?"

"It is true," said Mr. Skinner, despondingly. "But why didn't he speak?—why not mention the letters? Come here, you d—— old rascal!" thundered the judge, who was one of those amiable men whose rage reaches the boiling point at a minute's notice, and whose words are most offensive when they ought to be most conciliating. "You dog! why did you not say that you were sent by the sheriff? I have a mind to give you two dozen—I have!"

The gipsy was aware of the favourable change in his prospects, and he replied, with considerable coolness, that the cruel treatment of the Pandurs had caused him to forget all about it; "besides," added he, "my lady told me not to show the letters to any one; and, moreover, I was sure my innocence would come to light."

"Your innocence! it is shocking," cried the justice, holding up his hands; "the fellow has a letter from the sheriff in his pocket, and the blockhead relies on his innocence! Here are your letters;—go!—run!—and woe to you if the letters come too late to St. Vilmosh!"

The gipsy nodded his head, and hastened in the direction of St. Vilmosh! He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Skinner vented his passion upon the Pandurs. He expressed his astonishment, intermixed with curses, at the impertinence of these worthy men for having caught the sheriff's gipsy; and when they appealed to Mr. Kenihazy, all the comfort they received was a gentle hint of certain misgivings that gentleman entertained respecting their being suffered to go at large. Akosh and the rest of the company were amused with Mr. Skinner's violence and the agility of the gipsy, who every now and then looked back, and ran the quicker afterwards. The notary and the clergyman remained serious: and when the party had left, and neither the merry laugh of Akosh nor Skinner's ever-ready curses fell upon their ear, Tengelyi turned to his friend, saying, "Do you still think that hare-hunting is the *cruellest* pastime of these gentlemen?"

"No, indeed!" sighed Vandory; "and to think

that these men are public functionaries, and that the weal and woe of thousands is in their hands!"

"Ha!" cried Tengelyi, turning round, and directing the attention of his friend to a dark point which moved over the vast expanse of the heath, "is not that our gipsy?"

"Yes; but he runs rather in a line with us, instead of to St. Vilmosh."

"So it seems," said Tengelyi, "and for once the sheriff's orders will not be obeyed. Perhaps he is bribed by the other party; but who knows? Skinner may be right, and Peti is leagued with Viola. In that case he is now on his way to inform the outlaw of what the judge most wisely communicated to him, for I am sure that gipsy does not run so fast without good cause. But what does it matter to us?"

And the two friends returned to the village.

CHAP. II.

On a ridge of the Carpathian mountains, where, gradually lessening, they descend to the green Hungarian plain, lies the village of Bard, amidst meadow land, forests, and vineyards. Its situation is most pleasant, though lonely; and, removed as it is from the busy high road and the means of traffic and communication, the village is both unknown and poor. About fifty years ago, there lived in this village Esaias Tengelyi, the curate of Bard, and father to Jonas Tengelyi, whom we mentioned as notary of Tissaret. The life of Esaias Tengelyi passed peaceably and unnoticed, like the place in which he exercised his sacred calling, or the valley and the mountain side which sheltered his humble cottage. The condition of the Reformed Church in Hungary does not by any means deserve the epithet of "brilliant," even in our own days; but the present village pastors are most enviably situated in comparison to their brethren of fifty years ago. Still the life of the Reverend Esaias Tengelyi, though full of privations, was rich in enjoyment. He loved

his cottage, its straw-covered roof, and the brown rafters of its ceiling. Sometimes, indeed, he wished to have the windows of his room a little larger,— and he went even so far as to take the resolution of administering, at his own expense, to this drawback to the comforts of his home. The huge stove, too, which served also the purpose of an oven, made his room preposterously small, and on baking days it threw out a greater quantity of heat than was consistent with comfort. The neighbouring curates, whenever they came to pay their respects to the Reverend Esaias, were violent in their strictures upon the parish of Bard, for neglecting to provide their pastor's study with a decent flooring: nay, more, the good man was seriously reproved, and earnestly adjured to follow the example of his brethren in office, who had successfully petitioned the Synod respecting the gross indecency of pastoral clay floors. But Tengely could not be moved to stir in behalf of his house — perhaps he liked it better as it was. Its windows were indeed small; but then he had often sat by them reading the Scriptures; and they had seen the roses on his wife's cheek. The stove was large,—of course it was,—but in winter it offered a convenient and warm seat; and the clay floor of his study was the same on which his father's feet had trod, when he

was meditating his sermons, while the son made his first attempt to stand on a pair of trembling little legs. After all, there was nothing like the window, the stove, and the floor, for a countless number of sweet and tender emotions were connected with them. Esaias Tengelyi was happy; he felt that the largest window, that the smallest stove, and the most splendid floor of old oak, could not add to his happiness.

But that happiness could be lessened. The pastor's wife died, and the heart which had harboured so much bliss was henceforth the home of bitter sorrow. Tengelyi gave no words to his anguish, nor did he strive to add to or lessen his grief; but his friends felt that time was as nothing to the sorrow of his heart, and that his hopes and wishes were not on this side of the grave. His little son, Jonas, was the only tie which bound the old pastor to the world. The boy was but four years of age when his mother died; what would become of him, if he were also bereft of his father? People have scarcely a heart for their own children; how then is an orphan to fare for love? And the boy was most beautiful, when he cast his deep blue eyes upwards to the father's sad face! His voice had the tones of that dear voice which taught him his first words; his

yellow locks were smooth and orderly, as if fresh from his mother's hands;—what was to become of the child on this wide earth, and with no kindred, but his parents in the grave? Tengelyi would not be comforted, but a sense of his duty kept him alive.

Little Jonas throve under his father's care. He knew not what it was to be motherless in this world, where the heart finds that trusty, faithful love it yearns for, only at a mother's breast. A child's heart is a little treasury of joy, and there is no room in it for great griefs. In the first days after the event, little Jonas called for his mother, and receiving no answer from that mild, loving voice, he sat down and wept his fill; in the night he dreamed of her, and lisped her name. But as time wore on, his mother's name was rarely mentioned, and when spring came, with its flowers, her memory passed away like the distant notes of a song. All this was natural. Children are most enviable, because they are most forgetful. A thousand flowers are blooming round a child: why should it ponder on the sorrows of the past? A thousand melodies flit around it, and the young heart leaps to them: it has no ear for the sad accents of distant love.

Thus did the first years pass away. When Jonas had completed his eighth year, his father commenced

his education. The old pastor's plan was extremely simple. He made the child ask questions, and answered them in a manner which was at once explicit and adapted to the boy's capacities. He had no idea of making his son a phenomenon; on the contrary, he did all in his power to limit his mental activity to a narrow circle, to prevent his being confused by a variety of subjects. The classical languages, as far as Jonas could understand them, and the rudiments of natural and political history, were all that old Esaias taught his son; they were all he thought necessary for that son's future vocation.

For old Tengelyi, like the majority of fathers, had already chosen a profession for his son, and though, on consideration, he would have shrunk from the idea of forcing anybody, and much less his own boy, into a career which might be repugnant to his tastes, still, when he thought of his child's future life, he could not possibly fancy that his son should wish for any thing besides the curacy of Bard. Old Tengelyi had himself followed his father in that sacred office. It was so natural to think that he in his turn would be followed by his son. But while the father was thus tracing out his future career, and planting in the garden, besides improving the house, as he thought, for the child of his heart, the boy Jonas

Tengelyi anticipated other scenes and a different sphere of action. The poor curate's library contained but few books, but among them was a great treasure; namely, a copy of Plutarch — a relic of college life, with a portrait of the hero to each biography. This illustrated copy of Plutarch was the only book of its kind in the vicarage, and indeed in the village of Bard. Jonas passed many hours in looking at the solemn faces of the classic heroes, nor was it long before he knew all their names and actions; and though the old pastor regretted that the book was not an illustrated Bible, by which means he might impress upon his boy's mind the history and the deeds of the heroes of our faith, still his heart grew big with joy when the child expatiated on the virtues of Aristides, or (his little cheeks glowing all the while) told of the death of Leonidas and Socrates. And old Esaias blessed the pagan author who wrote the book, and the college-chum who made him a present of it, and even the very printer who had produced it. The whole future life of Jonas was influenced by these early lessons; and though the milder doctrines of Christianity made a deep impression on his heart, yet his mind would always return to the models of classic excellence. His sympathies were all with the heroes of Plutarch.

At times, when old Tengelyi was from home, Jonas would follow his fancies through the dark shades of the woods. He would sit on the ruins of Bard Castle, looking at the forest-clad mountains and the wide distant plain, and there he sat and pondered until the sun went down and the evening breeze woke him from his dreams. There he was happy; for there is no greater happiness than the delight which a pure heart feels when thinking of great deeds and generous men. The childhood of nations and individuals idolises all heroes, and thus did Jonas.

A child's perceptions of distance are very weak: it is the same in the moral world. Children try to grasp any shining bauble which strikes their eyes, no matter whether far or near. Life has not yet taught them to wait, to plod, and perhaps to be disappointed. The boy is equally ignorant of the bitter truth, that there is usually but *one* road which leads to the high places of this world, and that the ascent, though easy to some, is impossible to others, for from where they stand there is no path which leads to the top. And yet how closely is our boyish admiration of a great man allied to the idea that he is our example and our hope! Children, when isolated, — that is to say, when they are deprived of

the society of other children,—are apt to become dreamers: and this was young Tengelyi's case. His dreams were of a dangerous kind, and his conversation was such that his hearers became convinced of fate having destined that boy to be either very great or very wretched.

Old Esaias did not indeed suffer from these apprehensions. His son's enthusiasm, his hatred of tyranny, his love of his kind, proved nothing to old Tengelyi but that Jonas would turn out a first-rate village pastor. He never dreamt of this enthusiasm being applied to other purposes than those of the pulpit; and he did all in his power to develop the talents of so hopeful a preacher. He enlarged on the sufferings of the poor and the cruelty of the rich; on the equality of mankind before God, and the duties we owe to our fellow men.

In the course of time Jonas was sent to school at Debrezin. Though he was only thirteen, his character was already formed. His was a boundless enthusiasm for all things noble and generous; his was an equally boundless hate against all that is mean; his was the daring which is ever ready to oppose injustice with words and with deeds; and his was that austerity of principle which is apt to make a man unjust. In short, poor Jonas would have

oved a model man in Utopia. In our own vilised society, the excess of his good qualities was kely to cause him to be shunned, if not hated. Nevertheless he was popular with the masters and he boys; and the happiest years of his life were spent in the dull routine of a public school. The masters admired his ambition, and the rapid progress it caused him to make; and though he seldom condescended to join in the plays and athletic exercises of his comrades, they paid a free tribute of admiration to his love of justice and his courage. His studies delighted him, for his soul yearned for knowledge. Jonas was indeed happy!

Old Esaias Tengelyi continued meanwhile in his life of tranquillity and contentment. His humble dwelling grew still more quiet when his son left it; and the grey-headed pastor walked lonely among the fruit-trees of his garden, where he formerly used to watch the gambols of his child; but the serenity of his mind was still the same. His life passed away like the course of a gentle stream which mixes with the ocean. Esaias was aware that his days were numbered; but there was nothing appalling in the thought. He was at peace with God and the world; and though he grieved to leave his son, his soul yearned for her that had left him. His last

remaining wish was to expire in the arms of his son. His wish was granted. Jonas returned to Bard, and a fortnight after his return his father was laid in the grave. The poor of Bard wept with Jonas, for they too were the old man's children; a simple stone with an inscription of rude workmanship (for the hands of poor peasants wrought it) marks the last resting-place of Esaias Tengelyi.

His father's death threw Jonas into a different career. Hitherto he had sacrificed his ambition to his sense of duty, but now his choice was free; and, at his time of life, there are few who will tread an humble and tranquil path. Jonas preferred to embark in a political career; and since the study of law is the first condition to eminence, he devoted the whole of his energies to the rudiments of that dry and uninteresting science. Having turned his paternal heritage into money, and realised the modest sum of six hundred florins, he passed three years at the German universities, but especially at Heidelberg, where the strongest bonds of friendship united him with that very Rety, in whose village our readers have seen him established as notary. His studies ended, we find Jonas Tengelyi at Pesth, in the act of entering into public life. He had great hopes, great ambition, and very little money. But Jonas

was not a man to be daunted by privations. He took his oath, was admitted as "juratus," rattled his sword for eighteen months on the steps of the Curia, and, being thus duly prepared, he was at length admitted to the bar.

This period of our hero's life contains nothing whatever for his biographer or the public to take an interest in, excepting always the negative wonder of Tengelyi having been a "juratus" for eighteen months without having once fought, got drunk, or played at billiards. Need we add that he was very unpopular among his comrades?

But we will add that Jonas Tengelyi, though deeply read in law, could not prevail upon his examiners to insert into his diploma a better qualification than the simple word "laudabilis," while two young gentlemen, whom he himself had ground for the examination, passed triumphantly each with a "præclarus." Poor Jonas, though thus roughly handled at the very threshold of public life, forgot all his grief that very evening, when he took his seat in the humble conveyance which was to take him to the county of Takshony. The jolting of the coach which bore him to the scene of his future struggles, opened the brilliant realms of a fanciful future to his mind. The past was forgotten.

The reasons why the young barrister proposed to practise in the county of Takshony are very obvious. He was not, indeed, a large landholder in that blessed county, nor could he expect the patronage and the support of powerful friends. He chose Takshony because, of the fifty-two Hungarian counties, there was not one which offered more, nor, indeed, less chances for him, poor and friendless as he was. Hungary was all before him where to go, and he went to Takshony. If he was to trust the evidence of the natives of the county, it was the most enlightened district in the kingdom; and, if credit could be given to the assertions of its neighbours, there never was a county so destitute of common sense: a man of Jonas's stamp was therefore certain to prosper in any case. In an enlightened county his merits were sure to be appreciated, and in a dull county they were as certain to be wanted. Besides, he trusted the promises, and looked for the support of his friend Rety, who was son to the sheriff of Takshony. Tengelyi was, consequently, not a little elated and excited when, after a tedious journey, the coach deposited him safe and sound in the high street of the county town, whose appropriate name in English would be Dustbury. This town, unless a traveller happens to see it on a market-day, has little

to distinguish it from the common run of Hungarian villages; indeed, there would be considerable danger of its being thus lowly estimated but for the imposing bulk of the county house, before whose massive gates a batch of culprits may at all times be heard roaring under the beadle's rod, and thus proclaiming the force of the laws of Hungary.

Dustbury, the capital of the county of Takshony, was to be the scene of Tengelyi's future labours and triumphs. He sent his letters of recommendation to their various addresses, read his diploma in the market-place, hired a small study, and waited for clients. Nor did he wait long. Young physicians and young advocates have in general plenty to do, but their practice is rather laborious than profitable. As a tax upon entering public life, they are called upon to exert themselves in behalf of the poorer members of the community. Tengelyi's turn of mind made him eminently fit to be the advocate of the poor. He embraced the cause of his humble clients with uncommon enthusiasm, and pleaded it with equal warmth. He was the friend and protector of the oppressed, and his love of justice made him soon something like a marked man in the town of Dustbury.

At first his position was rather tolerable, for he

confined his practice to criminal cases. A prisoner whom he defended was indeed condemned to death, and some other clients of his received a severer sentence than they had a right to expect; but this was, after all, the gentlest means for the court to show their sense of the impertinence which prompted "such a vagabond counsel to lecture his betters;" and certainly the court showed an admirable tact by this indirect manifestation of the contempt in which they held Tengelyi's pleadings. But there was no feeling of personal animosity against him, until he dared to take up a civil process against one of the assessors, whom he all but forced to refund a certain sum of money which that gentleman had condescended to accept as a loan from a poor peasant. This affair settled Tengelyi. The young counsel's impertinence was the nine-days' wonder of Dustbury. His colleagues shunned him, — his landlord gave him warning to leave his house, — and there is no doubt that the self-constituted advocate of the poor would have been ignominiously suspended from his function but for the intercession of the sheriff Rety, who pleaded Tengelyi's extreme youth in extenuation of his offence. "He is sure to profit by our example," said old Rety; "and when he has once sown his wild oats he will be a credit to the county."

An event occurred meanwhile which promised to establish Tengelyi in his career. The counsel of the Baron Kalihazy died, with sundry cases still pending on his hands; and the head of the family of Kalihazy, who had made Tengelyi's acquaintance at Dustbury, thought of appointing the young barrister to the vacant post of fiscal; that is to say, he proposed to make him the legal friend and adviser of the Kalihazy family. So determined was the whimsical Baron to turn the young man's talents to account, that not all the persuasions of his friends could induce him to relinquish his insane project, which he was on the point of executing, when Paul Hajto, the leading counsel of the Dustbury bar, interfered. Mr. Paul Hajto was the most intimate friend of our hero. Instead of censuring him for his violence, as others were apt to do, that worthy man seized every opportunity (when alone with Tengelyi) to urge him to still more violent attacks upon the court. In the present instance, too, Mr. Hajto did all in his power to remove Tengelyi from the temptations which beset the life and threaten the integrity of an advocate.

"You are not fit for the bar," he was wont to say: "you are made to shine in a more elevated sphere. If I were in your place, I would devote myself

wholly to politics. As it is, you lose your cases; your labours are not only unprofitable, but useless. Hungary wants a thorough reform; you are the man to regenerate the country. Besides, you can be an advocate and a politician too, if you *will* stick to the bar." Tengelyi resisted; but flattery is too persuasive, especially for youthful minds; and he set about seriously to prepare a speech for the next Sessions.

The day came. Tengelyi made his speech, which astonished the whole assembly, not solely by its classic Latin and its most modern sentiments. No! The astonishment of the meeting was chiefly caused by the unheard-of fact that a young advocate, scarcely twenty-four years of age, — and a man who was not even an assessor, and much less a landowner, — dared to speak at all. Such effrontery was so marvellous, so unaccountable, so unheard-of, that the noble members of the meeting were utterly at a loss to express their disgust. But they did express it somehow; and the sheriff, and the notary, and the recorder of the county overwhelmed the young intruder with a torrent of words, of which we will only say that they were rather sincere than elegant. Tengelyi, nothing daunted, replied to each of them, and carried the matter so far that every

man in the room cried "Actio!"* whereupon the discomfited reformer was obliged to pay the usual fine of five-and-twenty florins into the recorder's hands.

The loss of this sum was a severe blow to Tengelyi, who had not another florin left. Besides this, he lost the fiscalship and the briefs of Kalihazy's family; for that gentleman was among his opponents, and Tengelyi had not spared his future patron's arguments or feelings. The Kalihazy briefs were that very evening made over to his friend, Mr. Paul Hajto.

To make a man a martyr is the surest means of making him popular, at least with *one* party. Every sheriff, recorder, or notary has at least *one* enemy, namely, the man who wishes to oust him in the next election. The truth of these great political axioms was tested in Tengelyi's case. His attack upon the magistrates of the county, and his subsequent martyrdom, gained him some friends. Konkolyi, in particular, who thought of opposing Rety at the next election, was loud in his praises of the young man's courage and common sense. The smaller nobles were not fond of Konkolyi, for they thought him proud; but they idolised Rety, who had an ami-

* See Note III.

able way of calling them his cousins, and of taking a vast interest in the health of their wives and children. Konkolyi had not, therefore, any chance of prevailing against Rety, though he, too, exerted himself to the utmost, by means of bounties, drinking-bouts, and dinners, to convince his fellow nobles of his merits. Hajto was Konkolyi's fiscal. He was aware that his patron possessed large domains, a fine castle, and an income of twenty thousand florins a year, and that a man of such transcendent merits wanted but one thing for the shrievalty, namely, a trifling majority of votes. But so great was Rety's popularity, that Hajto had lost all hopes of carrying his patron's election, when Tengelyi's quarrel with Rety opened a fresh field for intrigue.

Hajto came that very evening to see the poor young man; he praised his speech, censured Rety's tyranny, protested that the county magistrates *must* go out at the next election, and finally persuaded him to come to Konkolyi's house.

Konkolyi was a courtier, and chamberlain to his Majesty the Emperor. The great man received Tengelyi with unwonted condescension; and, corroborating every one of Hajto's words, he protested that poor Jonas must allow his friends to elect him to the justiceship of the district, as the only means of giving

his opinions the weight which they deserved. Jonas pleaded his youth, his poverty, his being a stranger to the county; but his objections were overruled.

"We know you, my dear Sir, we know you," said the chamberlain, with his kindest smile. "You have made a speech; that's enough. 'Ex ungue leonem.' We have put our hearts upon making you a justice. You are noble; and a nobleman, however poor and unknown he may be, is entitled to the highest place in the kingdom."

What could Tengelyi do? He consented, and became a distinguished member of Konkolyi's party. It was Hajto's task to make him friends among the lesser nobility. Nothing could be better adapted for this purpose than the speech which had caused Jonas to be fined at the Sessions. Hajto took possession of that speech, and translated it,—of course with a few unimportant alterations. Wherever Tengelyi mentioned the poor, his translator inserted the words "poor noblemen;" and the blame which Tengelyi bestowed upon the undue length of criminal prosecutions and the ill-treatment of the prisoners, was artfully changed into denunciations of the unseemly despatch which was used in criminal proceedings against noblemen, and the unjustifiable tyranny of the county magistrates who refused to bail cer-

tain incarcerated noblemen for the election. If the author had seen his production in its altered state, the chances are that he would have disapproved of it; but certain it is that Hajto's edition of the speech insured its popularity. The noble constituents of the parishes at Ratsh and Palfalva were in raptures with their new advocate; and though Rety's party endeavoured to disenchant them by publishing the original text of the speech, they found it impossible to undermine Tengelyi's popularity, confirmed as it was by the martyrdom of an "actio." Whenever the noblemen came to Dustbury, they made a point of paying their respects to their tribune; whenever he accompanied Konkolyi to some neighbouring seat, he was received with deafening cheers. His popularity brought him some more substantial benefits, in the shape of briefs and fees, for his professional advice; in short, he had every reason to be satisfied with the progress he had made. His future promotion was all but certain. But suddenly a compromise was talked of. Rety was willing to withdraw from the contest under the condition that his son was accepted as justice. Konkolyi's party opposed, because that very place was promised to Tengelyi; but Hajto interfered, and, as usual, succeeded in arranging matters to the satisfaction of all

ties concerned. Tengelyi was at that generous
e of life when men are prone to make sacrifices.
, therefore, was prevailed upon to withdraw his
ms to the justiceship, and to solicit the votes of the
nty for the inferior post of deputy-justice. The
tion commenced in due course, and Konkolyi
l the younger Rety were returned. Tengelyi
s pleased with the triumph of his friend, and not
less because that triumph was obtained at his
n expense; but who can picture his dismay when
election of the deputy came on, and another
n, a friend of Konkolyi's, was chosen to fill that
ce? His heart was crushed within him, for he,
proud man, saw too late that he had been the
l of a party which cast him off the very moment
t his services could be dispensed with. His popu-
ty passed away like a dream. The part which
ng Rety had acted in the election was, to say
least, suspicious; and that brotherly attachment,
ich distingushed the two young men at college,
eived a serious shock. But this was not all.
nas loved for the first time in his life; he loved
only those can love who are alone in the world,
whom there is no other being on the face of the
th whom they place their trust in, whom they
pe for, and to whom they cling. Erzsi, the object

of Tengelyi's attachment, was fully deserving of his love; but she was poor: nevertheless our hero married her. He was consequently still more imperatively called upon to resign his early dreams of glory, and to devote his energies to gain a livelihood.

Tengelyi and his wife left Dustbury; but they returned two years later poorer than ever, and the more disappointed from the very humbleness of their wishes and plans. In the course of those two years he had tried to keep a village school, to be tutor in a rich man's family, and to act as steward on another rich man's lands; but he signally failed in each. His return to Dustbury marked the saddest period of his life. Up to that time he had undergone privations; now he suffered from want; his struggles with the world had been full of disappointments, but now he was borne down by utter hopelessness. Thus he passed three years of misery; and although Rety had by this time succeeded to his father's estate, and to the almost hereditary dignity of sheriff of the county, he never assisted his old friend. He respected Tengelyi too much to relieve the poor man's necessities by a gift of money: his principles were too rigorous to allow him to use his influence and his patronage in behalf of his

friend. Nevertheless, after three years of unutterable wretchedness, Tengelyi was surprised to see Rety enter his little house. The sheriff came to tell his old friend that the notary of Tissaret was just dead; and offering that place to Tengelyi, he assured him, with a generosity which did honour to his heart, that the new notary should have the same immunity from local and parish burdens which had been from time immemorial enjoyed by all his predecessors in office.

Jonas thanked Rety for this unexpected favour. That very week he went to Tissaret, where we found him at the commencement of our tale, as a village notary of twenty years' standing, and with grey hair, but still sound in mind and body. The twenty years he lived at Tissaret had passed as such a number of years in the life of a poor village notary is likely to pass; nor did they contain any notable events beyond Tengelyi's acquiring a small freehold in the parish of Tissaret, and the birth of two children, a daughter and a son, the former of whom grew up to be the prettiest girl in the county. Perhaps we might add, that Mrs. Ershebet had lately lost part of that sweetness of temper which formerly warranted the name of "*good* Erzsi," which Tengelyi was pleased to give her, and that his friendship

with Rety had ever since the last election fallen into the seer and yellow leaf. But this is all. Years had passed over his head without changing his character; his sufferings had, in a manner, soured his temper, but his love of justice was the same, and his courage in behalf of the oppressed remained undaunted. Mrs. Ershebet had a right to say, as indeed she did, that her husband would never come to be prudent and make his way in the world.

Tengelyi had but one friend, viz. Balthasar Vandory, the whole tenour of whose mind was in the strangest contrast with his own. Where Tengelyi condemned, Vandory was sure to excuse; and whenever the perpetration of some great wrong turned all Tengelyi's blood to gall, his strictures upon the cruelty and injustice of mankind failed to move Vandory to any more determined sentiment than deep grief. The notary was at war with the world the curate was reconciled to it.

Little was known of Vandory's previous history. He never made any allusion to his family, but his accent gave unmistakeable proof of his Magyar origin. His parishioners adored him, and even the Retys made no exception to the general rule.

My readers are now informed of all that can be said of the character and the history of the notary

and his friend. I will therefore leave them alone to improve their acquaintance with Tengelyi, who, after parting with the curate, proceeded to the gate of his house, which he was prevented from entering by his daughter Vilma.

"I cannot let you go in," said she; "I want to ask something, and you must grant it."

"Well, what is it?" said Tengelyi, smiling at her earnestness.

"I want you not to be angry."

"Why should I be angry?"

"Because we have done something without your knowledge."

"Very well then," said Tengelyi, laughing, "I pledge my word I will not be angry."

"But you must also approve of it."

"That is a different thing altogether; but if *you* did it, I think I can promise as much." With these words the notary followed his daughter into the house.

CHAP. III.

THE village of Tissaret was peaceful and quiet when the notary returned to his house. A few workmen wending their way homewards from the meadows, with their scythes on their shoulders, walked slowly along, stopping every now and then to say good night to the people in the houses. The evening-bell swang slowly to and fro, sending its drowsy tones over the country. The very tavern was all but deserted; and Itzig, the Jew, who usually sold his liquors at high prices because he was in the habit of giving credit on the security of next year's harvest, lounged in the hall, listless and sullen. The manor-house, and the surrounding fields and gardens, were not less quiet, which is saying a great deal, for a Hungarian manor-house is usually the noisiest place in the village. But we know that the son of the house, accompanied by all the dogs, was out hare-hunting; and as for the sheriff, he was closeted with the chief bailiff and the recorder. The conversation of the three dignitaries would doubtless have touched upon ver-

weighty matters, had it not been for the sultriness of the day, which set them "All a-nodding," as the old song has it. And the sheriff's lady's voice, which usually filled the house as the song of the nightingale does the woods, with the sole difference that Lady Rety's voice waxed louder in tone, and more frequent in use, as she advanced in the summer of her years; Lady Rety's voice, too, was silent in the hall, for that lady walked in the garden. That garden was a splendid place! It contained a hermitage, an oven to dry plums in, a pigeon-house built like a temple, a fishpond, with a fisherman's hut, a grotto, a cottage, and a variety of other things, bearing witness to the inventive genius of the Retys, and astonishing the travellers who were favoured with a view of its marvels, its stout Bacchuses, thin Pomonas, artificial ruins, and Chinese arbours. Its furthest end merged in a poplar wood — a real wood of real poplars, and which, but for the unaccountable fancy which the lord lieutenant had taken to it, would long ago have been compelled to make room for a batch of new wonders which the sheriff Rety longed to establish in his garden. For truly that poplar wood was quite a savage place; there was no trace of modern civilisation and refinement in its luxuriant foliage and the sturdy generation of brushwood

which surrounded the massive trees. A single path wound through it, or, rather, round about in it. In this path we see Lady Rety engaged in an important and interesting discussion with her most humble and obedient servant and solicitor, Mr. Catspaw.

Lady Rety is of a *certain* age — I cannot possibly say more on so delicate a point — she is tall and full-grown. Her hair — though we have none of us a right to judge of her hair until we see her without a cap, an event which is very unlikely to happen — is most probably dark, unless, indeed, we are deceived by the colour of her thick eyebrows, and of that slight but treacherous shade on her upper lip. Lady Rety's face is full of majesty, but at certain times (and these times are very *certain*, for they embrace a regular period of six months out of thirty) that face is beyond all measure condescending and kind, though its usual expression is one of scornful pride, which, by the agency of two warts on her upper lip and chin, becomes so strongly marked that it merges into something like an habitual sneer. The lucky possessor of that sneer is as high-bred a lady as any in the country; her household is on a grand scale; none of her dinners was ever shorter than two hours, and her courts and outhouses are full of poultry and guests, of which the latter, if of high rank, are

waited upon with the kindest consideration. Lady Rety's voice is of an easy flow, like a generous fountain, and sweeping, for it would shake even stronger walls than those of Jericho, besides causing the servants to quake. Her discourse is admirable, for it is a verbal repetition of the sayings of her liege lord. This rare instance of conjugal harmony alone would entitle Lady Rety to our respect; but we are free to confess that we venerate her for that sound knowledge of common and statute law, which her conversation betrays, and which marks her as a practical woman, besides giving to her words, as such knowledge never fails to do, a peculiar grace and amiability. There was not a lawyer in the kingdom fonder of arguing a point of law; and so great was her discernment and readiness of mind, that Mr. Catspaw would often confess that he purloined the substance of his best pleadings from the conversations of the most noble, the Lady Rety.

Mr. Catspaw himself is a small spare man of more than fifty years of age, with a pale face, a pointed nose, and a pair of small restless eyes, whose look, though piercing, it is difficult to catch. His back is bent, more from habit than from age. Add to this his high bald forehead, and his scanty hair of bristling grey, and you will have a tolerable idea of Mr. Cats-

paw's outward man. He was most devoted to the Rety family, in whose service he had passed the last thirty years, and with whom he had at length come to identify himself. This last assertion of his was of course contradicted by his enemies, who protested that his attachment to the Retys sprang from motives of the most sordid selfishness. But however this may be, certain it is that on the evening in question the worthy solicitor was by no means identified, either with the Rety family in general, or with Lady Rety in particular; for while that majestic lady stalked through the poplar wood, with Mr. Catspaw following at her heels, she favoured him with a very violent oration; nor would she condescend to listen to the humble remonstrance, by means of which the lawyer sought to assuage her anger. For, shaking her head with great impatience, she gave that learned gentleman to understand that it was easy to talk, — that every body was aware that Mr. Catspaw would not allow any one to speak, — and that real devotion showed itself by deeds. "I will candidly tell you," said Lady Rety, stopping short, and thumping her parasol on the ground, "what you told me drives me to despair!"

"But, my lady, allow me to observe, that there is

no reason why you should despair, for I am sure ——"

"Oh! I dare say! You don't despair—not you! What do *you* care for our troubles? You do not mind what becomes of us!—you have your profession, and who knows but ——"

Here she was in her turn interrupted by Mr. Catspaw. "Is this my thanks," cried the solicitor, in a generous passion; "is this my thanks for my service of thirty years? I, Adam Catspaw, have more than once risked my life in promoting the interests of your family, and, in lieu of gratitude, you suspect me!"

"I really beg your pardon," said Lady Rety, very humbly, for she saw at once that her zeal had led her too far, and that she was not now addressing her husband, — "I am a woman, and my unfortunate circumstances — and ——"

"All this is very fine, my lady," retorted Mr. Catspaw, emboldened by his success; "but your ladyship talks always advisedly. All I can do is to look out for another place. A solicitor whom his employers suspect ——"

"But who tells you that we suspect you?" entreated Lady Rety. "It is you on whom we rely.

What could we do without you? Besides, you know our promise about the grant."

"As for the grant," muttered Mr. Catspaw in a milder tone, "the Lord knows I toil not for the sake of gain; but if, for my faithful service — *ob fidelia servitia* — you will remember me, I am sure my gratitude will outlast my life."

"I know that your generous mind scorns to be selfish; but for all that it is a fine grant, and though its value is as nothing to your services, still it is a splendid property."

"And I will obtain it, in spite of a thousand obstacles!" exclaimed the solicitor.

The lady sighed. "Are you still confident? As for me, I have no hope!"

"But why? because our first attempt had no success? This is mere childishness. Consider: the man who broke into Vandory's house was as expert a thief as any. To avert suspicion, I instructed him to take not only the papers which your ladyship wants, but also some money and trinkets — it made the affair look like a *bonâ fide* robbery. But the fellow did not find any money, and while he was rummaging the drawers, the curate came home and alarmed the neighbours. Tzifra had not time to look for the papers; all he could do was to escape through

ıe window. Those papers are at present in engelyi's house, who, I am informed, keeps them in ıe iron safe near the door, with his own papers and ıe parish records. I pledge my word that we find ıem, and perhaps something else, for I have an :count to settle with that notary."

"But the notary's house is much frequented. I 'emble lest Tzifra should be caught."

"In that case we will hang him fast enough," ıid Mr. Catspaw, with great composure; "God be :aised! the county has the Statarium."

"But supposing he were to confess?"

"Oh! he won't confess. Leave me to manage ıat; and if he were to attempt it, I promise you he ıall be hanged before he can do it."

"Oh, if you could but know," — cried Lady ety — "if you could but know what it costs me to .ke this step; and when I consider — that — but ho can help it? The honour of my name, the elfare of my children — all that which makes life 'orth having, compels me ——"

"A mother shrinks from no sacrifice for her hildren's sake!" said Mr. Catspaw, wiping his eyes, or the darkness allowed him to dispense with tears. 'Nobody," continued he, "knows the goodness of your heart as I do; but, Lady Rety, if the world

could know it, it would go down on its knees before you!"

"God forbid!" cried Lady Rety, alarmed but still pleased; for she was happy to see the ease with which so ugly a thing as theft undoubtedly is could be brought to assume the more grateful names of motherly devotion and generosity of feeling. "God forbid that any body besides you and I should know of this matter. The world is severe in its judgments, and perhaps it might be said ——"

The lady did not finish her sentence. She was astonished, for she felt herself blush.

Mr. Catspaw understood the feelings of his patroness. "Why should you thus torment yourself?" said he. "It is an every-day affair, to say the worst of it. Such things are so common in Hungary, that nobody ever thinks twice of them, excepting perhaps the party who fancies he is aggrieved. Title deeds, mortgage deeds, and promissory notes are lost somehow or other; but who cares? The present case is not half so bad—for what are the papers your ladyship wishes to possess? Why, they are simply some confidential letters, most of them in the sheriff's own handwriting, which you have an objection to leave in the hands of strangers. The

matter is most innocent, though the manner is perhaps in a way open to objection."

"Yes! yes! the manner!" sighed Lady Rety. "It is house-breaking — robbery — Heaven knows how they might call it!"

"It is indeed burglary," observed the man of the law; "but who is the burglar? The man who actually breaks into the house, I should hope. Suppose A. talks to B., who, though not a very respectable character, is not at the time under any criminal prosecution, and whom the law consequently supposes to be an honest man; and suppose A. tells B., in the course of conversation, of a certain packet of papers in a certain closet in Mr. Vandory's house, which packet of papers A. wishes to possess, either from curiosity, or caprice, or for some scientific purpose; and suppose A. were to remark, quite incidentally of course, that he would gladly give one hundred florins to any man who should bring him the said packet: suppose all this, and tell me whether such a conversation could be called criminal? Of course not. Very well then; now suppose A. adds that the curate is to be from home on Saturday night, he being asked to take supper at the manor-house, and that it has been observed that the door which leads to the garden is never locked, and that

there was indeed danger of some dishonest person scaling the garden wall and committing the abominable crime of stealing the said papers,—than which indeed nothing could be more easy; suppose A., who is something of a gossip, says all this in the course of conversation, is there anything criminal in mentioning a neighbour's imprudence? By no means. Well then, and if B. is wicked enough to abuse A.'s confidence, if B. scales the garden wall, enters the house and steals the packet—can you accuse poor A. of having committed a robbery? And if B. takes the packet to A.—thereby reminding A. of his promise to pay a certain sum of money to any man who should bring the packet—is not A. bound to abide by his word? That is my case. As an honest man, I pay the money; the rest does not concern me."

"You are quite right," said Lady Rety; "but the world judges differently."

"Of course the world does; but then it is always wrong. However, the world will never know of this business."

"I, too, should think so, if those papers were still at Vandory's," returned Lady Rety; "but they are at Tengelyi's. His house is much frequented; besides, there is a watchman at night."

"True, but the papers are in an iron safe; and

hough there are but two keys to the said safe, there are plenty of locksmiths in the world."

Here the conversation was interrupted by young Rety's retriever breaking through the brushwood and running up to Lady Rety.

"My son is come home," said she; "let us go to the house." She was in the act of going when the manner and the barking of the dog directed her attention to the thicket, and to a slight rustling among the branches. The dog advanced, but returned, after a few minutes, yelping and limping. Akosh Rety and his sister, Etelka, came up at that moment and joined the pale and trembling pair.

"What is the matter?" said Akosh.

"Did you not hear any thing?" replied his mother.

"Of course! My retriever barked. There must be a dog or a fox somewhere."

"No, young gentleman," cried Mr. Catspaw, with his eyes still directed to the spot whence the noise had proceeded, "I'll stake my life on it, it was a man."

"Perhaps some poor fellow from the village," said Akosh, caressing the dog.

"The fellow has heard our conversation. I am positive he came to listen!" said Lady Rety, greatly excited, and to the signal annoyance of Mr. Catspaw.

"I cannot think he did," said Etelka. "Mr. Cats-

paw is indeed known to be the worthiest person alive, but I cannot believe that anybody will creep up in the darkness to listen to him, and in October too."

The attorney frowned. "My dear Miss," returned he, "you do not understand these things. We were discussing matters of great moment — there are several suits now pending ——"

"Ah! I understand!" cried Akosh, laughing. "You mean to say that the counsel for the other side has lurked among the trees to find out the plans of our crafty attorney. But why not arrest the culprit? Gallant Mr. Catspaw, I understand, does not shrink from any odds."

"I!" said the little man, trembling, "I should——"

"Of course. Why should you not? Come along with me. If there's any one hidden in these bushes, we will have him out in no time!"

"I really beg your pardon, *domine spectabilis!*" cried Mr. Catspaw, in great distress, while Akosh pulled him along; "but, *domine spectabilis*, we are quite defenceless, and the night is very dark — and — and — shall I call for help?"

"Nonsense! The fellow will be gone long before anybody can come to assist us. Come along, dear sir! Let my mother and Etelka go home, while you

and I, heroes both, brave all dangers. Let us conquer or die, or run away. Is it not so, most intrepid of fee-taking counsel?"

Mr. Catspaw was by far too much engrossed with fear for his personal safety to care for the jokes of his companion; nevertheless he protested that it might be advisable to send for the servant. But Lady Rety entreated him to accompany Akosh; and, after some further delay (for he wisely thought his best plan would be to give the listener a good start), the little attorney at length buttoned his coat with great deliberation, and loudly protesting that he had no fear, as far as his own safety was concerned, he followed Akosh into the thicket, while Lady Rety and Etelka directed their steps to the house: the dog, thinking perhaps that one beating was enough for one evening, accompanied them.

Young Rety and his reluctant companion were meanwhile beating the bushes in search of the mysterious stranger. Mr. Catspaw was vastly comforted by the darkness, which his instinct taught him would defeat the plans of any assassin who might fire at them; and, besides, if by ill-luck they should fall in with a stranger, he was firmly resolved to run away and call for assistance. But there was little chance of any unpleasant *rencontre*, for, what with the

darkness and the brushwood, and the time which had been lost by Mr. Catspaw's prudent delay, Akosh could not expect to do any thing, except to annoy his mother's man of business. And annoy him he did, by madly rushing into the thickest part of the wood, and causing the branches of the trees to strike Mr. Catspaw's face, until at length they arrived at the furthest border of the plantation. Here Akosh stopped, and, turning to Catspaw, who stood breathless by his side, he said, "I'll take my oath there is no one in the wood; will you now confess that you were mistaken, or frightened by a hare or partridge, or some such formidable animal?"

"It was a sound of human footsteps; Lady Rety is my witness, and I ——"

"Of course, if that is the case, let us go back and beat through another part of the plantation, until the fellow is caught."

"Don't, don't!" sighed Mr. Catspaw. "I am sure no one is there; goodness knows our search was minute enough. I can scarcely stand on my feet," added the little attorney, wiping his forehead.

"Very well, sir, if you are satisfied that nobody is hid here, I am so too. But let us cross the ditch: there is some chance of finding him on the other

side." Saying which, Akosh leaped over the ditch, while Mr. Catspaw descended into the depth of the cutting, from whence a few bold gymnastic evolutions brought him to the other side. Having joined his companion, the two men walked silently on, and disappeared at length round the corner of the garden-wall.

All around was hushed. The night was as dark and comfortless as October nights usually are. The brilliant setting of the sun was followed by a looming and cloudy sky. The wind sighed over the boundless heath, shaking the yellow leaves from the trees. Here and there a solitary star, or the watch-fire on the far pasture-land, threw a faint and melancholy light on the scene. The footsteps of the two men were lost in the distance, and the stillness of night was at intervals interrupted only by the distant barking of a dog, or a shepherd's song floating on the breeze, when a man rose from the ditch close to the place where Akosh and Catspaw had crossed. His broad-brimmed hat, and the rough sheep-skin which hung over his shoulders, were enough to hide his features and stature, even if the night had been clearer. The man listened to the song as it rung through the stilly night, and, after looking cautiously round to satisfy himself that no one was near, he

stepped out of the ditch and hastened towards the fire.

But it is time we should return to Tengelyi, whom we left just when, accompanied by his daughter, he crossed the threshold of his humble dwelling.

Reader, did you ever know domestic happiness? did you merely see it in others, or are you among the blessed whose homes are heavens of peace and love? If sacred family love is known to you; if you are convinced that this, the most precious gift of heaven, can only fall to the share of a pure heart; if you feel that all the distinctions, all the glory we struggle for, all the wealth we covet, are as nothing to the joy and love of the domestic hearth; then you will enter the notary's house with a feeling of reverence, and you will pray that happiness and peace may continue to dwell there.

After Tengelyi sat down, he said to his daughter, "Now tell me the great secret, for you must know," added he, addressing his wife, "that Vilma would not allow me to enter the house until I consented to pass a bill of indemnity in her behalf.'

"I know," said Mrs. Ershebet; "and I consented only to please my daughter. Speak, Vilma!"

But Vilma did not speak. She looked vainly for a form of words in which to prefer her suit.

"Am I to be informed of the matter or not?" said Tengelyi, impatiently. "She cannot have committed a crime!"

"Of course not, dear father. But you promised me not to be angry."

"To be angry? do I look like a tyrant? Tell me girl, where have you learned to fear your father?"

"No, father, I am not afraid of you," said Vilma. "If I did wrong, I know you will tell me that it was wrong, and I shall have your pardon for it. But I do not think I did wrong. You know there was an execution in the village, and you went away with Vandory, for you said you could be of no use to the poor people, and their sorrow grieved you too much. Mother and I remained at home, and saw all the horror. They took our neighbour's cows, and from John Farkash they took the pillows and blankets of his bed, and Peter's widow (you know she used to sell eggs, and do jobs in the town,) has lost her donkey. The son of the woman Farkash would not allow them to take his mother's bed away, and they beat him and bound him with cords, and took him to the justice's. They say he is going to prison to-morrow. We saw and heard all this," continued Vilma, wiping her eyes, "and we wept

bitterly. Mother said it must be so, for the taxes are put on by law, and these poor people were not able to pay their dues. But I prayed that you might come home soon, for you read so often in your law-books, and I should say there *must* be some little law in those books providing that something at least ought to be left to the poor who cannot pay their taxes, hard though they may work."

"You are wrong, dearest child," said Tengelyi, "you would vainly look for such a law in my books. The nation have been so busy for the last 800 years, that they have not found time to make such a law."

"Have they not? Then I am afraid their laws will do little good, for they want God's blessing!" said Vilma, with a deep sigh. "But though the law may not, our Creed assuredly does command us to pity our neighbour's sufferings, and therefore I went to Mrs. Farkash to see whether I could not help them in some way. We are not rich, but we can do something for an honest man, and the Farkashes were always good neighbours."

"You did right, my daughter," said Tengelyi, whose eyes filled with tears. "You did right; may God bless you! I, too, have eaten the bread of

poverty; and I will not shut my door against my neighbour."

"I thought so, too," said Mrs. Tengelyi, pressing her husband's hand.

"When I came to the house," continued Vilma, "I found them all in despair. Old Farkash sat on the floor, leaning his head on his hands, and looking at the empty stable; his wife was bewailing the loss of her son. The lesser children sat by the stove: they could not understand what had happened, but they wept with their mother. In the room were a few broken chairs; and the straw from the bed was spread about the floor, just as if the German soldiers had sacked the house. And the neighbours were there, comforting the poor family, and cursing the officers;—my heart bleeds to think of it! I did my best to console Mother Farkash. I promised her that the curate should talk to the sheriff, and that her son should not go to prison; for she was most afraid of that, saying, that all men who were sent to prison, were sure to come back robbers. She thanked me for my promise, but declined our assistance; for she said, if her son were free, they could manage to go on. 'We poor people,' said she, 'stand by each other; one of my neighbours gives me some bedding, another gives me bread, and

a third, a few pence; and so, mayhap, the Lord will help us on. If Mr. Kenihazy had paid for the two horses which my husband sold him at Whitsuntide, we would never have come to this. But there's the misfortune. We are distrained for the taxes, and yet we are not allowed to claim our own. But at the Restauration*, I mean to go and speak to the Lord-Lieutenant. At the last Restauration, he helped several of our neighbours, who had claims on Mr. Skinner, the justice.'

"'Oh, you are well off, you are!' said old Mother Liptaka. 'You have got a husband, and Missie tells us that John shall not go to prison, and he will work for you. Besides, you are an honest woman; but what is to become of Viola's wife? She is dying,—she, and her baby, and the little lad, and she has got a sentinel in the room, for the justice has ordered them to arrest every one that comes near the house—let alone entering it; for he says they are Viola's pals, every man of them. And that same Susi was a pretty girl and a good girl, when a child it is not her fault, is it, that her husband is a robber Missie, if you could help poor Susi, 'twere a good deed!'

"I inquired after Susi," continued Vilma, "and

* General elections.

understood that Viola, formerly a wealthy peasant, had become very poor, for that he, as a robber, could not attend to his husbandry. His cattle and his ploughs were taken away, his fields are untilled, and his poor wife is left alone with two children. She is ill, almost dying. I told them to show me to the house, for I knew they would not suspect *me* of being an accomplice of Viola."

"You were right," said the notary; "pray go on."

Thus encouraged, Vilma continued,—"The misery of the Farkash family was indeed as nothing to the wretchedness which I saw at Viola's. On approaching the house, I was struck by a fearful noise. The justice has been informed that Viola intends to see his family this very night; he has put three haiduks into the house, ordering them to lie there and to catch Viola in case he should enter. The haiduks were drunk, and would not allow anybody to leave the house, lest Viola might be informed of the snare that was laid for him,—although their drunken noise rendered this precaution perfectly superfluous. The house was quite empty; nothing was left but a heap of ashes on the hearth, and the seat by the stove, which is of clay, and which could not be taken away; every other particle of furniture that might have been there had fallen into the clutches of the justice.

When I entered the kitchen the corporal recognised me at once, for he has often brought letters to our house. He came up to me, and asked me what I wanted; and on my telling him that I had come to look after the sick woman, he said it was scarcely worth while, and that the woman might be dead, for all he knew to the contrary; but if she lived till to-morrow, she would be a widow by the hangman's grace. His comrades laughed at this rude joke, but when I insisted on seeing the woman Viola, the corporal took me to the room where she lay. I asked them to remain quiet, though only for a little while, and entered the apartment, which was so dark that it was a good while before I could discern any thing. The poor thing lay in a corner on a heap of musty straw. The baby and the little boy lay by her side. They did not speak. The noise of the revellers outside contrasted painfully with the silence in the room. The woman was asleep, and so was the baby, but the little boy knew me, and creeping up to me and nestling in my arms, he told me the history of their misfortunes. Three days ago his mother had fallen sick. She had a bed to lie on; but early this morning the justice came, and ordered her to pay one hundred and fifty florins. She had no money, and could not pay; the justice cursed

her, and told the haiduks to take everything away. His mother was driven from her bed, and old Liptaka was kicked out of doors by the justice, who told the haiduks to sit and drink in the kitchen. 'After this the justice went away; and mother has been in a sad state ever since,' added the poor boy, weeping; 'and I have made her a bed of the straw which they tore from our good bed. It was all that mother could do to creep up and lie on the straw, and she has been wandering in her mind ever since. The justice and the soldiers said terrible things. They said father would come in the night, and they would hang him. Mother has gone on about that. I was quite frightened. After that, my little brother fell a-weeping, and it struck me that he had not had anything to eat. As for me, I was very hungry,—so I stole out to ask our neighbours to give me some bread; but they would not, for the justice has said that no one should give us any thing, and that we are to die like dogs! I brought nothing but some water, and a few flowers which I broke from the hedge for my little brother to play with, for I would not come back empty-handed.' That is the boy's story. He wept bitterly while he told it."

"Poor little fellow!" said Tengelyi, "his is indeed

an early knowledge of life's bitterness;" and, turning to Mrs. Ershebet, he added, "I trust you sent some relief to those wretched people. I'll go at once and see what can be done for them."

"Do not trouble yourself, father, dear," interposed Vilma. "We did not send them any thing; we have brought them to this house."

"To my house!" exclaimed Tengelyi. "Did you consider the consequences?"

"I did. I considered that they were sure to perish if they remained where they were; and I entreated the corporal, and implored him, and vowed that I would bear the blame, until he gave me his permission to remove the woman to this house. Nay, more, he helped me to carry her."

"You were right in taking them away," said Tengelyi, walking to and fro, evidently distressed; "I only wish you had taken them to some other place. I would willingly pay for any thing they want. But here! the robber's family in the house of the notary of Tissaret! What will my enemies say to that?"

"But, father, you often told me that we need not care for the judgment of mankind, if we know and feel that we do that which is good and right."

"Of course, if we are quite convinced of that.

But they tell me Viola is passionately fond of his wife. She is ill, and he will brave all dangers to come and see her. What am I to do? My duty, as a public functionary, forces me to arrest him, while my feelings revolt at the idea."

"I know you will not arrest him, dearest father," said Vilma, softly. "You cannot do it."

"And suppose I allow him to escape, what then? I shall lose my place. I bear the stigma of being the accomplice of a robber, and nothing is left to us but to beg our bread in the streets."

"No, father, that will never be!" said Vilma, confidingly, though her eyes filled with tears. "God cannot punish you for a good action."

"God may not, but men will sometimes. But do not weep," added Tengelyi, seeing his daughter's tears, "we cannot now undo what you have done, and perhaps my fears are worse than the reality."

"Oh do not be angry with me," sobbed Vilma. "I never thought of the consequences. I never thought that I *could* be the cause of so great a misfortune."

"Angry?" cried the old man, pressing her to his heart—"I be angry with *you?* Art thou not my own daughter, my joy, and my pride? my fairest

remembrance of the past, my brightest hope of the future?"

"But if Viola were to come," said Vilma, still weeping, "and if things were to happen as you said just now?"

"I know he will not come," replied the anxious father, who would have given anything to have concealed his apprehensions. "And if he were to come, it is ten to one that nobody will know of it. You know I am always full of fears. At all events it is not *your* fault, for if I had been at home, and if I had known of this woman's distress, I too would have taken her to my house — ay! so I would, though all the world were to turn against me. Dry your tears," he continued, kissing Vilma's forehead; "you did but your duty. Now go and look after the woman, while I go to Vandory: he is half a doctor."

Saying this, the notary hastened away to hide his tears, and as he went he passed some severe strictures on his own weakness, which caused him to indulge in tears, a thing which is only pardonable in a woman.

CHAP. IV.

THE stranger of the ditch, whom we left in the act of approaching the fire, had meanwhile accomplished that object, and proceeded to the place where a man sat squatting by the flame, poking the burning straws with his staff, and singing a low and mournful melody.

"Are you at it again? again singing the Nagyidai Nota?"* said the stranger, touching the singer's shoulder.

Peti the gipsy (for it was he who kept his lonely watch by the fire) started up, and, seizing hold of the stranger's hand, dragged him away from the light, whispering, "For God's sake, take care! Some one might see you!"

"Are you mad?" retorted the stranger, disengaging his hands, and returning to the fire. "I've lain in the ditch, and am all a-muck. I must have a warm."

"No, Viola, no!" urged Peti, "the village is filled with your enemies. Who knows but some of them are by? and if you are seen you are done for!"

* See Note IV.

"Now be reasonable, old man," replied Viola, taking his seat by the fire. "Not a human being is there on this heath that I wot of. What is it you fear?"

"Oh! you know this very afternoon you and I, we were near the wood of St. Vilmosh, and the Pandurs were here close to the park palings, and yet they knew you even at that distance."

"Yes, very much as we knew them. They presumed it was I. But if they have a mind to make my acquaintance, I'd better look after the priming of my pistols. So! Now let them come. After sunset I fear no man."

"Oh! Viola, Viola!" cried Peti. "I know your boldness will be your bane. You laugh at danger, but danger will overtake you."

"But, after all, were it not better to die than to live as I do?" said the robber, feeling the edge of his axe. "I curse the day at dawn because the light of the sun marks my track to the pursuer. The wild bird in the brake causes me to tremble. The trunk of a fallen tree fills me with dread; for who knows but it may hide the form of an enemy? I fly from those I love. I pass my days among the beasts of the forests, and my dreams are of the gallows and the hangman. Such is my life! Be-

lieve me, Peti, I have little cause to be in love with life!"

"But your wife and your children!"

"Ah! you are right! my wife and my children!" sighed the robber, and stared fixedly at the fire, whose faint glow sufficed to display to Peti the cloud of deep melancholy which passed over the manly features of his companion.

Viola was a handsome man. His high forehead, partly covered by a forest of the blackest locks, the bold look of his dark eyes, the frank and manly expression of his sunburnt face, the ease and the beauty of each movement of his lofty form, impressed you with the idea that in him you beheld one of those men who, though Nature meant them to be great and glorious, pass by humble and unheeded; happy if their innate power for good and for ill remains a secret; yes, happy are they if they are allowed to live and die as the many, with but few to love them and few to hate.

"Don't be sad, comrade," said Peti. "It's a long lane that has no turning. But go you must, for here you are in danger of your life. The election is at hand, and Mr. Skinner has every chance of losing his part in it. He will move heaven and earth to catch you. After I met you this afternoon, the

Pandurs arrested me, and took me to him. May the devil burn his house! but he treated me cruelly: he was so savage that my hair stood on end. Had it not been for the [illegible] Ahmed (God bless him!), I'd be now taking my turn at the whipping-post. He has his spies among us; he did not mention their names, but certain it is that he knows of every step you take: I protest nothing short of a miracle can have saved you! But certainly if we had not agreed to meet by this fire, you could scarcely have escaped him. The landlord and his servants are bound and locked up in the cellar, and Pandurs, dressed up as peasants, watch in the inn. There are also Pandurs in your house; and the peasants have been ordered to arm themselves with pitchforks, and to sally out when the church-bells give the signal. When I was Mr. Skinner's prisoner he cursed me, and mentioned his preparations; I have found out that he said rather too little than too much."

Viola rose. "There are Pandurs in my house, and you tell me that my wife is ill?"

"Oh! do not mind *her*. Susi has left the house; she is as comfortable as a creature can be with the fever. They have taken her to the notary's house."

"To Tengelyi's? Is she a prisoner?"

"Oh, by no means; it's all Christian love and charity. Oh! friend, that same Christian love is a rare thing in these times. May God bless them for what they do for her!"

"Christian love and charity! Fine words! fine words!" muttered Viola. "But who tells you that this is not a snare? My wife is in the notary's hands, and with her my life."

"For once you are mistaken!" cried the gipsy. "I, too, had my suspicions at first; why should I not? since I am no peer, but merely a gipsy. It's not my fault, surely, that I mistrust those officials; and when they told me that Susi was at the notary's, I did not half like it. But I understood that old Tengelyi knew nothing at all about it, and that his daughter, Vilma, did it all. Now Vilma is a born angel, take my word for it. But do not stop here. I ought to be at St. Vilmosh before the sun rises, and every minute you stay is as much as your life is worth."

"I'll not stir a single step unless you tell me all about Susi. I cannot understand it."

Peti knew Viola too well not to yield to this peremptory demand; and he tried, therefore, to inform his friend, in as few words as possible, of all the particulars of Susi's illness. Viola, leaning on

his fokosh, listened with eagerness. He stood so still, so motionless, that, but for the deep sighs which at times broke forth, he might have been mistaken for a statue.

"Poor, poor woman!" cried the robber at length, "has it indeed come to this? A beggar, eating the bread of charity! a vagabond, abiding under the roof of the stranger! God, God! what has *she* done that thy hand should strike *her*?"

"Let us be off!" urged Peti. "Your wife is all snug and comfortable, and we ought not to stand here like fools, railing at the injustice of the world. Besides, the day of settling our accounts is perhaps nearer than you think. I owe Mr. Skinner more than one turn. Cheer up, comrade! many a man has been in a worse scrape than you are, who got out of it after all."

"What do I care for myself? I am used to it. There is blood on my hands, and, perhaps, it is but just that Heaven's curse pursues me. But she, whom I love, — she, who never since her birth did harm to any one, — she, who stands by my side like an angel of light, withholding my arm from deeds of blood and vengeance! Oh! she kneels at church, and prays by the hour. That she loves me is her only crime, — why, then, should *she* be punished? Let them

hunt me down—torment me; ay! let them hang me! what care I, if she is but safe and free from harm?"

"So she is!" cried Peti, impatiently. "She was never better off in her life, man! Come along, or else we are done for, and by your fault too!"

"Do you mean to tell me that none of the villagers helped her?—that none of them would shelter her?"

"No! I told you, no! the judge forbade it; and none of them dared to look at her."

"Very well; I mean to be quits with them. I never harmed any of them. None of them ever lost a single head of cattle; and now that my family are in distress, there is not one of them but thinks that this is as it ought to be. But Viola is the man to make bonfires of their houses!"

"You are right!" cried Peti, seizing the robber's hand. "A little revenge now and then serves your turn. It puts them on their guard! It reminds them that there is still some justice in this world. But come to St. Vilmosh. You are safe there, at least for a few days, for the kanaz * there is one of our people. We will go down to him, and see what can be done."

* See Note V.

"You had better go first; I have some business here."

"Where?" cried Peti, stopping his friend as the latter turned to leave the place.

"I tell you to go first to St. Vilmosh, and to wait for me at the kanaz's. I want to speak to the notary. By the time the sun rises I mean to be with you. Get something to eat, for I am hungry."

"Maybe the ravens are hungry, and have told you to go and be hanged, to make a dinner for them!"

"What a coward you are! I tell thee, man, it is not so easy to catch Viola as you may think. Go and tell them to cook me some gulyash*; and if you think it will ease your mind, I will bring you the chief haiduk gagged and bound."

"All this were well and good if the people of Tissaret were still on your side, for in that case you might do as you please. But since the parson's house has been broken into, they are all against you, they will have it that you committed that robbery."

"I did no such thing; and it is just on that account I want to speak to Tengelyi. I have never been obliged to any man, who had the dress and appearance of a gentleman. The notary is the first

* See Note VI.

of the kind to whom I owe any thing, and, by G—d, he shall not call me ungrateful."

"But of what use can your capture be to the notary?" said Peti, who now yielded to Viola's obstinacy, and accompanied him to the village.

"Some villany is abroad, and Tengelyi is to suffer. It's the same affair as it was with the parson. I'll inform him of it."

"Not to-night?"

"Ay, this very night! Who knows but to-morrow it might be too late? The birds are greedy for their prey. It will scarcely take me an hour. You ought to go to St. Vilmosh."

"Not I!" said the gipsy. "If you are mad, and won't be advised, you cannot, at least, force me to leave you alone in this scrape. If they hang you, they must hang me too."

Viola said nothing; but he pressed the hand of his faithful comrade. The two adventurers approached the village, where every thing was prepared for the capture of the robber. Not only was Viola's house occupied by the Pandurs, not only was the inn garrisoned, and its inmates gagged and bound, but the streets of Tissaret, and the cottages of those peasants who were suspected to be in communication with the robber, were occupied by soldiers, or, at least, closely

watched. Rety's servants, armed with pitchforks and cudgels, were assembled in a barn, and every peasant was prepared, at the first signal from the steeple, to rush out and attack the outlaw. Some generous men, devoted to the public safety, and fearing for their cattle, and some not less generous women, had contributed a few hundred florins as a reward for that lucky peasant, or Pandur, who should succeed either in capturing or killing the robber. There could be but one opinion about Viola's fate, in case he should happen to come to Tissaret; but whether he would come or not was an open question, to say the least of it; for while the justice and his clerk were out hare-hunting, the inspector Kanya had thought proper to publish Mr. Skinner's instructions by means of the public crier, who, on this important occasion, was preceded by a couple of drums, and whose commands to the peasantry were backed by the threat of five-and-twenty lashes, as a punishment of the refractory or negligent; and though the justice on his return had poured out a most energetic volley of imprecations on Mr. Kanya and his zeal, and though he had immediately given orders that no one should be permitted to leave the village, yet there was good reason to fear that Viola would smell more than one rat. Indeed, so much

probability was there for this supposition, that by the time Viola and Peti drew near to the village the inhabitants of Tissaret to a man had thought proper to retire for the night, leaving the soldiers and Pandurs to follow their example, which, to do them justice, they did.

"Wait a few moments," said Peti to his companion, when they came to the threshing-floors, "I'll look out for you. It is just here where they have placed a guard of those rascals in frogged jackets. I'll try to find out what they are after." Saying which, the old man crept through the ditch and disappeared. He returned almost immediately. "They are fast asleep. If the others are equally vigilant, we are safe enough." Viola advanced with Peti. They entered the village, and walked quickly, but noiselessly, along the hedges and under the shadow of the houses.

Tengelyi's house, the neatest building in the village, was on one side bordered by a narrow court-yard, and on the other by a garden of somewhat larger dimensions. The buildings in his immediate neighbourhood were on the one side the Town-hall, and on the other the workshop of the village smith; while over the way there was the only shop in Tissaret, the property of Itzig, the Jew, and remarkable, not only for its amazing stores of European and Indian

produce, but also for its bright yellow paint, and its pillars of glaring sky-blue which ornamented the hall outside.

There were but two roads to Tengelyi's house — one leading by the Town-hall, and the other touching the smithie; and though the sound of a hammer ringing on the iron of the anvil was still to be heard from the last named place, still Peti thought it advisable to take the latter road, and this the more, since he perceived that there was no light in Itzig's house,— a circumstance which led him to suppose that that "toad of a Jew" had retired into the interior of his den, there to sleep on his dollars. Quitting, therefore, the dark corner between the smith's shop and the main road, the two men hastened up to the house of Tengelyi. The fire from the smithie threw a ruddy glare on the road and on the Jew's shop, the closed shutters of which seemed to denote that all the inmates had retired to rest. But while they were in the act of crossing the road, Peti suddenly seized Viola's hand, and pointing to the Jew's house, he whispered, "They have seen us!" A human form was indeed visible behind the pillars. It moved quickly to the door, and disappeared.

"Go to the notary's! Just by the wall there's a hole in the hedge. Creep through it, and hide

yourself as best you may; but for God's sake don't enter the house! I'll come to fetch you as soon as the alarm is over."

So saying, Peti crossed the road and disappeared among the buildings. Viola hastening onward, found the opening in the hedge. He had scarcely crept through it and hidden himself among the shrubs, when he saw that the gipsy was fully justified in his apprehensions. Voices were heard in the streets, lanthorns were carried by, and the quick tramp of steps, and the sound of the village bell, proved to him that the alarm was indeed given, and that the people of Tissaret were up and in arms to arrest him. Mr. Skinner's and Mr. Kenihazy's answering imprecations might have proved, to any one who doubted the fact, that the public justice of this country is not always asleep, but that its eyes are sometimes open as late as 10h. 30m. P. M.

Viola was in a dangerous position. The notary's garden was but an indifferent hiding-place. It was small, and but thinly planted with trees. A strong light from the windows of the house illumined part of it, and nothing could save Viola, if the hole in the hedge was discovered, and a lanthorn passed through it. But the robber was accustomed to danger. He kept his weapons in readiness and

waited. After some time the noise of the robber hunters grew gradually less. The crowd rushed to another part of the village. The sound of distant voices and the continued ringing of the bell showed that the danger was at least in part over.

On these occasions it is only the first quarter of an hour which is dangerous in our country; after that '*mauvais quart d'heure*' has once passed, there is none but seeks for an excuse for discontinuing the search. For we are an Eastern people, nor did we come to the West to toil and slave. Indeed, that man was a profound historian who protested that our ancestors left their homes in search of a country where the sun rose late, and allowed them to sleep longer than they could in their former abodes. Viola, who had often been hunted, and who was perfectly familiar with the leading features of our national character, rose from the ground and walked boldly up to the house.

That house harboured his wife, the only being on the face of the earth who loved him; the only being he could call his own, and whose mild words made him feel that, though exiled, pursued, and condemned, there was still something which he could call his own, which the world could not take from him, and which bound him to life and to his Creator. And

Viola's heart, however unmoved by danger, beat loud and fast when, creeping by the windows of the house, he stopped at length in front of the one window for which he sought. Everything was tranquil in that room. His wife lay sleeping, and Vilma sat by her side, watching her, while the old Liptaka was seated at some distance, reading her Bible, and rocking a cradle. His little boy lay in an arm-chair. He was fast asleep. The robber looked long and earnestly at the group before him. He wept.

The child in the cradle awoke. Old Mother Liptaka took it up and carried it to and fro. Little Pishta too awoke; he rubbed his eyes and stared around, as if uncertain where he was, or how he came to be there. But looking up to the window he beheld Viola, and jumping from the chair he clasped his hands and shouted — "Father! father!"

"God forbid that he should be here!" said Mother Liptaka, walking up to the window. "You are half asleep, child, and talk in a dream: you see there is no one here."

"He is not there now, — but he was there. He is gone now, but I am sure he is in the garden. I will go and call him in."

"Don't think of it!" said the Liptaka, seizing the boy's hand. "You know your father is ——"

Here the good woman stopped, for she was at a loss to find gentle words for a harsh fact.

"I know!" said the boy, "my father must hide himself; but I am sure it is not true, what they say about his being a robber."

"Of course not, child: be quiet, and don't say a word about it, not even to Miss Vilma. I will go, and if your father is in the garden, I'll speak to him." And the old woman left the room.

Viola's situation had meanwhile become more dangerous. When he retired from the window where his boy recognised him, he found that his movements were watched by a man, who stood in the opening through which he had entered the garden, and who withdrew when the robber's face turned in the direction of the hedge. Viola was at a loss what to do. He could not stay in the garden, for it was too small; the streets were filled with peasants and Pandurs, and the inmates of the house were strangers to him. He could not trust his life to their keeping. The tocsin was again sounded, and the approach of lights and steps showed him that his pursuers were aware of his hiding-place, and that they came to take him.

At this critical moment the Liptaka entered the garden, and called the robber by his name. Seeing

no other means of escape, he walked up to her and informed her of the danger of his situation.

"Ay, brother, why *did* you come this blessed night?" said the old woman. "Two days later you might have been safe."

"But what is to be done? Can you hide me in the house?"

"I can, for the notary is not in, and Vilma will not betray you. Stand here until I call you." She returned into the house, and Viola stood up against the wall to hide himself. The noise increased meanwhile, and the sonorous voice of the justice was heard, denouncing the eyes, souls, and limbs of his trusty Pandurs, when the door opened, and the Liptaka appeared, motioning Viola to advance cautiously, lest the light from the windows might mark his figure: the robber crept along the wall and entered the house.

"Where is he? where?" screamed Mr. Skinner, from the other side of the hedge.

"Steady, boys!" shouted his clerk, from the furthest rear. "At him! Why should you fear the scoundrel? The man that catches and binds him shall have a hundred florins."

"Are any of you at the other side of the garden?" bawled the commissioner, with a stentorian voice.

Nobody answered.

"Smash your souls, you cursed hellhounds!" roared Mr. Skinner. "Why are you all here? Why are you not at the other side of the garden?"

"Your lordship's lordship told us to come to this place," said a Pandur; but a blow from Paul Skinner's stalwart arm sent him sprawling to the ground. "Be off!" shouted the intrepid justice; "be off a few of you — but not too many. Seize him and bind him!"

"Shoot him on the spot, if he shows fight," urged the clerk.

"Shoot him — indeed!" roared the justice. "I'll brain the man that dares to shoot him, for I must have the satisfaction of hanging the fellow."

Amidst these preparations for the capture of the robber, the person "wanted" had quietly entered the house, where old Liptaka stowed him away behind some casks, which lay in the room. Vilma trembled.

"Fear not, Missie," said the Liptaka; "they dare not enter this house. Of course, if it were a poor man's case, they'd ransack every corner, and turn the whole house out of the window. But it's a different thing with a nobleman's curia."

The Liptaka was mistaken, and she had soon ample

opportunity of convincing herself of the fact that the keeping of the law is one thing, and the law itself another. For Mr. Paul Skinner, after surrounding the garden on all sides, and after summoning Viola to come forward and be hanged, found it necessary to proceed to a close investigation of the premises. He opened the garden door and entered with his *posse* of Pandurs and peasants. Vilma's flowers and Mrs. Ershebet's broccolis were alike trodden down by the intruders, and great exertions were made to start the game. But their search was fruitless. So were their curses. Mr. Skinner protested that the robber must be hid in the house, and Kenihazy instantly suggested the propriety of searching the suspected habitation. The justice consented, and walked up to the door which communicated between the house and the garden, when the door was opened from the inside, and Mrs. Ershebet appeared on the threshold.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the notary's wife, with a voice which, on the present occasion, was more remarkable for its energy than for its sweetness. "Who is it that dares, at this hour of the night, to break into an honest man's house? Are you robbers, thieves, or murderers? Be off, instantly, every one of you! This is a nobleman's

curia, and no one has a right to be here, unless it be with my consent!"

Mr. Skinner, not a little abashed, tried to stammer some excuses; but Mrs. Ershebet, knowing that she had the law on her side, refused to listen to his explanations. Her abuse of the justice kept pace with the hate she bore him, and she eagerly seized the opportunity to give him what we poetically call "a bit of her mind." She did this so effectually that the justice was at length compelled to muster all his courage to make a reply.

"Mrs. Tengelyi," said the worthy functionary, his voice trembling with suppressed rage, "Mrs. Tengelyi, moderate yourself; consider that you stand in the presence of a superior officer."

"Superior officer, indeed!" screamed Mrs. Ershebet. "You are the master of robbers and thieves, but not mine. What care I for the county! What care I for the justice? I am a nobleman's wife, and I'd like to see the man who dares to enter my house without my permission!"

"You shall have that pleasure!" roared the justice. "Forward, my men! enter the house! search it, and capture the robber. Knock them down and bind them, if they offer you resistance! I'll teach you to know who is master here!"

"A stick! a stick! give me a stick!" cried Mrs. Ershebet. Her maid handed her Tengelyi's cane. She raised it, and exclaimed triumphantly, "I protest!"

Mr. Skinner stepped back; but, after a few moments, he rallied his forces, resolved, in open contempt of the Hungarian law and its formal protest*, to force an entry into the notary's house. There can be no doubt that he would have accomplished his purpose, but for the opportune arrival of Akosh and Mr. Catspaw, who restrained his violence; for the attorney, to whom the justice stated the case, and who had his reasons for supposing that Viola was not in the house, did his utmost to prevent the premises from being searched. He did this not from any love he bore Tengelyi, but because he knew that the affair might at a later time serve to cast a suspicion on the notary's character. His dispute with Mr. Skinner was suddenly interrupted by a new and unforeseen event.

"Fire!" cried a voice in the street; and the crowd in the garden roared "Fire! fire, at the Castle!" The tocsin sounded, and the peasants hastened in the direction of the fire. The Pandurs alone were kept back by Mr. Skinner's express commands, for he

* See Note VII.

still hoped to find Viola. But when one of the servants from the House came down to tell them that the conflagration was in the sheriff's barns, and that his whole store of hay was in flames, it was thought necessary to dispatch the power of the law to the threshing-floors to save the sheriff's hay. Not one of the intruders remained on the spot.

"For God's sake, save him!" whispered Vilma, addressing the Liptaka. "Be quick, and save him before they come back."

"Never fear, Missie. Give him but a fair start, and he is not the man to be caught. But keep your counsel; your father would never pardon you!"

The Liptaka turned to Viola's hiding-place behind the casks. "Now get thee gone," said she. "There is a fire at the sheriff's. Get out at the other side of the village, where nobody will stop your way. I can't help thinking the fire is on your account."

"Listen to me!" said Viola. "You know I owe the notary a debt of gratitude. His family have taken my wife to his house: may God bless them for it! They have saved my life, too; and I mean to show my sense of it. Tell them I know that the notary keeps some papers in an iron safe. Those papers are of great value to him and to the parson. Tell him to find another place for them, and to keep a good

look out. He has powerful enemies; I know of some people who would do any thing to get those papers. Tell this the notary, and may God be with you!"

The robber was in the act of leaving the garden, when a hand held him by his bunda. "Who is it?" said he, raising his axe.

"It is I, Peti! What do you think of my illumination?"

"That it saved me for once. I knew it was your doing. Thanks! may God bless you!"

"Now let us be off to St. Vilmosh," said Peti, crawling through the opening of the hedge. "Look there," he added, pointing to the next house; "I'll lose my head if that fellow Catspaw does not stand there!"

"And if he were an incarnate devil I *will* go on!" muttered Viola, as they turned the corner of the street. Mr. Catspaw, for it was he, had recognised the robber. He shook his head and walked leisurely up to the Manor-house.

CHAP. V.

THE day which followed this eventful night was a Sunday. Already had the church-bells of Tissaret called the parishioners to prayers; and the lower classes, obedient to the summons, crowded the little church, there to forget the disturbance of the night and the whole of their worldly cares. At the House, or Castle, as the family seat of the Retys was sometimes styled, preparations on a large scale were on foot for the reception of the guests who were expected to arrive that day. Akosh and his sister Etelka walked in the garden. Neither of them spoke, as they trod the paths which were already covered with the leaves of autumn; while Tünder, their favorite greyhound, bounded to and fro, now starting a bird, now hunting a falling leaf. The dog had its own way of enjoying the beauty of that bright day.

"What is the matter with you, Etelka?" said Akosh, at length. "You are out of spirits to-day."

"Am I?" replied Etelka, smiling, and with a

slight stare. "I dare say you are like Mr. Catspaw, who in his annual fits of jaundice flatters himself that the whole world is yellow."

"Very true," rejoined Akosh; "I am a dreadful bore to-day."

"Of course you are. To be a bore is one of the privileges of a Hungarian nobleman. But do not put yourself under any restraint on *my* account!" —saying which the young lady turned away, and busied herself in smoothing the shrivelled leaves of a half-faded flower. Thus pursuing their walk, they reached a hill in the plantation, from the summit of which they looked down on the village, the river, and the boundless plain.

"They are coming!" said Etelka, turning her eyes in the direction of St. Vilmosh.

"I wish to God I were a hundred miles off!" sighed Akosh.

"Would not a lesser distance do? Shall we say the village, or the notary's house?"

"Don't mention it. It makes me weep to think of it. You know what has happened?"

"I should think so."

"Well, I have no hope."

"Do not say so! Vilma loves you. You are not likely to change your mind, and our father ——"

"Our father,—oh, if there were no obstacle but his denial!" exclaimed Akosh. "I venerate our father; but there are limits to my veneration,—and if he compels me to choose between Vilma's love and his, I am prepared to sacrifice the man who prefers his prejudices to his son's happiness. But is Vilma prepared to follow my example? And, believe me, old Tengelyi is far more inexorable than my father!"

"But he idolises his daughter ——"

"You do not know him as I know him Yes, he idolises his daughter! He would sacrifice any thing to her, except his honour. On that point he is inexorable. After that cursed conversation with my step-mother, in which she hinted that she would be well pleased to see his daughter less frequently at our house, Tengelyi came to me. He told me all that had happened, and asked me to discontinue my visits to his family, for—such was his bitter expression—it was not well for young gentlemen of rank to hold intercourse with poor girls. Ever since that day, when I meet him in the street and accompany him to his house, he bows me off at the door, and sends me about my business. I have spoken to his wife, but she tells me that she cannot do any thing to soften him. I have spoken to Vandory, but he, too,

has no comfort for me. Now consider that Tengelyi is sure to lay the blame of that disgraceful scene of last night at our door, and that our party at the next election will do all to oppose his. No! I tell you there is no hope left for me!"

"And yet I hope!" said Etelka, taking her brother's hand: "I know but too well on which side the victory is likely to be, in a contest between a woman's head and her heart."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed Akosh, kissing her hand. "Oh if I could but know,—if I could but feel sure that my enemies will not succeed in estranging her heart from me!"

"You are mad, my respected brother," interposed Etelka; "pray who are your enemies? Old Tengelyi loves you as a son, though he does not say so; but suppose he *did* hate you, believe me, though father, and mother, and the whole country were to sit down for a twelvemonth abusing you, Vilma's feelings would remain as they are."

"Oh if I could but see her! if I could but see her, though it were only for a moment!"

"Be patient. Who knows what may happen when Tengelyi goes to the election? But we must turn back now; the Cortes* are about to make their

* Constituents.

appearance. I would not for the world lose the spectacle of their arrival."

They turned and walked to the house, whence arose the sound of many voices, like the roll of a distant thunder-storm. The Hungarians are wont to commence their affairs, no matter whether they be great or small, not with light—but with noise. I leave my readers to imagine the fearful din with which the halls of the Retys resounded. Servants and haiduks ran in all directions, fetching and carrying all sorts of things. The cook and his boys,—the bailiff and the butler, the housekeeper and the maids, were shouting at, ordering about, and abusing one another; and Lady Rety, who every moment expected the arrival of her guests, had just sent her third maid with most peremptory instructions to cause the people to be silent,—without, however, obtaining any other result from the mission than a still greater confusion of tongues and voices. Great was her rage, and violently did she struggle to preserve that gracious smile which the Cortes were wont to admire in her at fixed periods every three years, viz., at the time of the general election.

The Sheriff Rety, Valentin Kishlaki, Mr. Paul Skinner, the justice, and sundry "*spectabiles*" of his party, were smoking their pipes in the hall, and

uple of poor relations, who were always invited on ich occasions, filled and lighted their pipes for hem, and made themselves generally useful, to show heir deep sense of the honour which was done to them. Mr. Catspaw stood leaning against the wall. He looked the very picture of watchful humility.

This company, the like of which may be found in Hungary every where, especially at the time of the election, but which it were next to impossible to discover anywhere else, consisted but of a limited number of individuals. They were the grandees of the county of Takshony.

The man who first attracts our attention is Valentin Kishlaki, the father of Kalman Kishlaki, whom my readers had already the pleasure of meeting on the Turk's Hill. The good old man offers much to love, but little to describe. He is a short man, and withal a stout one; his hair is white, his cheeks red. He has a good-natured smile, and a pair of honest blue eyes. He is fond of telling a story without an end, but this weakness is his greatest crime.

Among the other persons in the sheriff's hall, the most remarkable are, doubtless, Augustin Karvay, the bold keeper of the county house, and Thomas

Shaskay, the receiver of the taxes. The former was a Hungarian nobleman of the true stamp: bred on the heath, fagged at school, and plucked at college. The insurrection of 1809 afforded the noble youth a brilliant opportunity of displaying his talents for homicide, which were supposed to be astounding. But the speedy termination of the war nipped Mr. Karvay's martial honours in the bud; nor does history record any of his deeds of bravery and devotion, except the fact that he left his regiment at the commencement of the first and only battle in which that gallant body took part, and in which it was routed; and that, regardless of the fatigue and toils of the way, he hastened home to defend his household gods and the female members of his family. But so modest was Mr. Karvay, that the slightest allusion to this act of unparalleled devotion was observed to cause him pain, and even to spoil his temper. This modesty we take to be a proof of true merit.

Mr. Karvay's gallantry, or, perhaps, his touching modesty, did afterwards so much execution upon the heart of Lady Katshflatty, a young widow of fifty, that she consented to bless the youthful hero with all the charms and gifts of fortune which her years and her late husband's prodigality had left her. The bless-

ing, in either respect, was by no means very great, and Mr. Karvay was reduced to the extremity of living upon his wits, which in his case would have been tantamount to the lowest degree of destitution, but for the good fortune he had of making some enemies by his marriage with Lady Katshflatty. His enemies belonged to the opposition in the county; that is to say, they were members of the minority; — reason enough for the party in power to take him up; and under the sheriff's protection Mr. Karvay was successively appointed to the posts of Keeper of the County House, Captain of the Haiduks, and Honorary Juror, and promoted to all the honours, bustle, and emoluments of these respective dignities.

Such was the person to whom Mr. Thomas Shaskay was bound by the ties of a cordial and mutual dislike. The two men seemed to be created for the express purpose of hating one another. Shaskay was a small and spare man; his face reminded one of an old crumpled-up letter, his hair was scant, his nose sharp and long, and his narrow forehead covered with a thousand wrinkles. Karvay's huge bulk, mottled face, and curly black hair, were in bodily opposition to this frail piece of humanity. Candour was Mr. Karvay's characteristic feature; indeed,

there were people in the county of Takshony who protested that the gallant captain would be more amiable if he were less candid. Now Shaskay was the closest man breathing. He answered reluctantly even to the simplest questions. Some of his friends protested that his closeness and secrecy were quite out of place, for that Nature, when she framed him, had treated him as druggists do their goods, and that "Poison" was as distinctly written on his face as it ever was on an arsenic bottle.

Shaskay had met with many misfortunes in the course of his life; but so great was his strength of mind that he was never known to allude to them, and least of all to his greatest misfortune, which, however, was mentioned in the records of the county. While he held the office of receiver-general of the district, sundry monies which were entrusted to his care disappeared; and though Mr. Shaskay protested that the money was stolen, and though the whole county believed him; nay, though no one had the least doubt that Shaskay (who said it) had seen the thief as he left the room, still the government, grossly violating the laws both of nature and of the country, dismissed the unfortunate receiver-general from his office. The county of Takshony made no less than thirteen petitions in his favour, but the

worthy man could never succeed in regaining the office, of which he had discharged the duties to the unqualified satisfaction of the nobility, and from which he had not only derived no gains, but also sacrificed his own private property at cards. But so great is the virtue of a truly good man, that Mr. Shaskay, instead of joining (as might have been supposed) the opposition, remained faithful to his politics and his party, exerting the whole of his influence in behalf of the government, which had treated him so unjustly.

Mr. Rety, the sheriff, stands in the centre of his own hall. He is dressed in a blue attila with silver buttons, his boots are armed with silver spurs, and his Meerschaum pipe is embossed with silver. His thoughts were of the approaching election, and of the speech which he intended to address to the Cortes; but the brilliant phrase upon which he had just stumbled, was interrupted by a distant howling and bellowing, which became gradually more distinct.

"Eljen Rety! Eljen Skinner! Eljen the liberty of Hungary! Hujh rá!" and similar exclamations, with now and then a curse, and the report of a pistol, resounded through the village. And besides there was the wonderful burden of the song:—

"May the tulip flowers bloom for aye,
And Rety be our sheriff this day!"

which will do for any election, and which is remarkable for the ease with which it may be adapted to the case or the name of any candidate. And there was a van with a gipsy band performing the Rakotzi, and all the dogs of the village stood by and barked their welcome.

"This is indeed enthusiasm! this is indeed popularity!" said Karvay, stroking his moustache, and looking pleased; "by my soul it is a fine thing to be so much beloved! I am not rich, but I would give fifty florins any day to hear myself extolled in this manner."

"Ah! but I trust to goodness they won't burn any thing!" said one of the poor relations, whose reminiscences of the last election were not of an agreeable kind.

"Burn any thing! Terrem tette! of whom dost dare to speak?" roared Karvay. "Dost not know that thou speakest of noblemen? that St. Vilmosh has three hundred votes? The sheriff's house is insured, and if the worst were to come to the worst, and if all the village were burnt down, we ought to bless our stars that they have come to us instead of siding with the other party!"

"Karvay is right," said Rety to his trembling cousin; "How dare you speak disrespectfully of my guests? I know the gentlemen of St. Vilmosh."

"So do I!" roared Karvay, "every tenth man of my prisoners is from St. Vilmosh. Capital fellows they are! Your thief and murderer is a capital fellow in war, *or* at an election."

"There are some exceptions to that rule," interposed Shaskay. "In the insurrection of 1809, I understand the men of St. Vilmosh ——"

It was lucky for Shaskay that the Cortes had by this time come to the gate, for Mr. Karvay was preparing to pay the ex-receiver-general in kind, by an allusion to sundry monies. His biting jokes on that tender topic were, however, cut short by the arrival of the whole noble mob in not less than thirty large vans. The vans in front and in the rear were ornamented with large yellow flags with suitable mottoes, such as

"Rety for ever!"
"No nobleman will condescend to build streets and dykes!"

and mongrel rhymes in the following fashion:—

"To pay no taxes, to pay no toll;
To be exempt from the muster-roll;
To make the laws, and to live as we can,
Abusing the salt-prices:
This befits a nobleman."

Every nobleman had a green and yellow feather stuck in his hat or kalpac; these colours being emblematical of the hopes of their own party, and the envy of their adversaries, while they served the practical purpose of a badge of recognition.

The sheriff advanced, amidst violent cheering, to the front steps of the hall; the mob of noblemen shouting Halljuk*! formed a circle, and the notary of St. Vilmosh, stepping forward, addressed the patron in a speech of extraordinary pathos; in the course of which the words — Most revered, — Greece, — Rome, — Cicero, — patriotism, — singleness of purpose, — load star, — fragrant flowers, — forked tongues, pyramids, and steeple — were neither few nor far between, and which concluded with an assurance of the unbounded attachment of the constituency to the illustrious patriot he (the orator) had the supreme honour of addressing, and the quotation of "Si fractus illabetur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ," or to adopt the translation of the whipper-in of the Cortes: —

> "May the tulip-flowers bloom for aye,
> And Rety be our sheriff this day!"

This speech, but especially its conclusion, called forth a torrent of applause; and the enthusiasm reached its culminating point, when Mr. Rety, as

* Hear! hear!

usual, assured them that he was overwhelmed with confusion — that he was unprepared — that this was the happiest day of his life — that he had no ambition, but that it appeared his friends of St. Vilmosh commanded his services, and that he was always the man who ——

The assurance that Mr. Rety was "always the man who" excited cheers of the most deafening magnitude from his audience; and after the whipper-in had informed the sheriff that but one thing was wanting to the happiness of the noble mob, and that this one thing was the permission to kiss Lady Rety's hand, the crowd uttered another frantic shout of Eljen! and rushed into the house.

A sumptuous repast awaited them in the sheriff's dining-room and in the barn. The former apartment was occupied by the *élite* of the company, while the lower precincts of the barn sheltered a less select, though by no means a less noble party. The *élite* feasted on four-and-twenty different kinds of sweetmeats, with Hungarian Champagne, Tokay, and ices; and the great mass of the Cortes filled their noble stomachs with Gulyash and Pörkölt, Tarhonya, cream-cakes, dumplings, roast meats, wine and brandy.

Etelka left the company immediately after dinner,

while the Lady Rety conversed with some of the rising assessors and clergymen of the district. The gentlemen smoked their pipes in the hall, and in front of the house; and if the notary of St. Vilmosh was not among their number, his absence may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that Etelka's maid, Rosi, lived in another part of the house.

Akosh and Kalman were walking in the garden. They were equals in age and station, and of course they were sworn friends. Nevertheless, the two young men were utterly different in their characters and tempers. Kalman was, by his education and constitution, a Betyar, that is to say, a root-and-branch Magyar of the old school; but it was his great ambition to be mistaken for a man of high European breeding and refinement. Akosh, on the other hand, who had the advantage of the best education which Paris and London can afford, had taken it into his head to act the Magyar, *par excellence*. Neither of them succeeded in maintaining his artificial character; and especially on that day they had both signally failed in their endeavours to falsify the old proverb: "Naturam expellas furcâ; tamen usque recurret."

Akosh was indeed a Betyar when the dinner commenced; but he grew less talkative and noisy as the

talking and the noise around him increased, until at length he found himself fairly silenced. Kalman, who sat by Etelka, and who was greatly cheered by the kind manner in which she treated him (for poor Kalman was desperately in love with Miss Rety), took but little wine, and for a time his conduct and conversation were all that he or Etelka could wish. But by degrees he fell back into his Betyarism, until the displeased looks and curt replies of the lady made him aware of his error. At the end of the dinner he was as silent as his friend. He scarcely ventured to look at Miss Rety; and when dinner was over he hurried Akosh to the garden, there to bewail his sad and cruel fate.

"I am the most wretched of mortals!" cried he. "Did you observe the manner in which your sister treated me? She does not love me—nay, she detests and despises me!"

"Are you mad?" replied Akosh.

"No! I am not mad. Etelka does not love me; nor will she ever love me, and she is right. She is too good for the like of me."

"You ought never to take any wine, Kalman; it makes you sad."

"So you *did* see it? And she, too, is disgusted with me! I will leave the country! I will go to a

place where nobody knows me! where your sister will not be annoyed by my presence!"

Kalman's lamentations were here cut short by Akosh, who, on being informed of the reason of this extraordinary distress, pledged his word that he would reconcile his sister to his friend; and Kalman's grief having given way to the hope of fresh favour, the two young men turned back to the house to find Etelka, and to solicit and obtain her pardon for any offence which her lover might have committed. But fate had willed it otherwise.

Old Kishlaki, misled by the excitement of the day, had taken rather more wine than he ought to have done; his ideas were consequently less steady than they might have been. A match between Miss Rety and his son had always been among his pet projects. Urged on by the conviviality of the day, he had undertaken to address the Retys, and to solicit their daughter's hand for Mr. Kalman Kishlaki, his son and heir. Rety's answer to this unexpected offer was that he could not presume to judge of his daughter's inclinations; and the Lady Rety, in her turn, gave Mr. Kislaki to understand that it would be more wise to reserve matters of such moment for the period after the election. The good man was too much excited to understand the real

meaning of these answers. He fancied that everything was arranged; and, walking from group to group, he told the great secret to every one whom he met.

The Cortes were meanwhile actively employed in rehearsing their votes for the election. They had already disposed of some of the lower places, and they now proceeded to elect Kalman Kishlaki a justice of the district. They strained every nerve of their lungs in shouting "Eljen Kalman Kishlaki!" Old Kishlaki was transported with joy, but he was grieved that his son's glorification should be lost within the walls of the barn. He called his servant, and informing him of the great secret, he hinted at the pleasure Miss Rety was sure to feel if the Cortes were to seize Kalman and to carry him in triumph to her room. The servant was, of course, quite of his master's opinion. He made his way to the barn, shouted "Halljuk!" and spoke so much to the purpose that the whole crowd of electors consented to accompany him to the garden. We ought to observe that Kishlaki's messenger gained his point chiefly by informing the Cortes of the proposed alliance between Etelka and Kalman.

The three hundred noblemen of St. Vilmosh set up a deafening shout of "Eljen!" and directed their steps to the garden, while old Kishlaki wept with

joy, and muttered: "Hej! it is a fine thing to be so popular!"

Akosh and Kalman were close to the house when they met Kishlaki with all the Cortes at his heels. The old man had just time to embrace his son, and to cry out, "Do you hear it, Kalman? This is meant for you, my boy!" The very next moment they were surrounded by the men of St. Vilmos: Their shout of "Eljen Kalman Kishlaki! Etelka Rety!" put a stop to all further conversation. The two young men were astonished. They did not know what to do or to say. But when old Kishlaki's servant proposed that the young man should be taken to "Miss Etelka, his betrothed bride;" and when a score of arms were stretched out to seize the fortunate lover, then it was that Kalman began to see how matters stood. He resisted, he prayed, he imprecated; and his father, too, who had no idea of proclaiming the affair in *this* way, did his utmost to prevail upon them to leave Miss Rety's name unmentioned. His endeavours were in vain. Kalman's resistance was of no avail. There was a sudden rush — a scuffle — and he found himself hoisted on the shoulders of a couple of stout fellows. His hair was dishevelled and his coat torn. He had lost his cravat and his hat. But the crowd, unmindful of

these drawbacks to the personal graces of their favourite, bore him onward to the apartments of his mistress. Great was the uproar, and violent were their cheers of "Eljen Kalman and Etelka!"

The guests in the house rushed to the door, and, hearing the names of Kalman and Etelka, they turned to the sheriff and wished him joy. Mr. Rety received their congratulations with a sickly smile. Lady Rety, though mindful of Kishlaki's influence, protested with some warmth that there must be some mistake. But Karvay raised his powerful voice in honour of the young couple, whose St. Vilmosh friends had by this time arrived at the threshold of Etelka's room.

Kalman was more dead than alive. He was about to appear before the lady of his love with his coat torn and his hair out of curl, and borne on the arms of three hundred Cortes! Entreaties, tears, imprecations — all were in vain; and they certainly would have introduced him to Miss Rety in the most disgraceful plight that ever lover faced his mistress in, if that lady had been in the room. But, when the door opened, they discovered in her stead Rosi, Miss Rety's maid, and at her side no less a personage than the hopeful notary of St. Vilmosh. This event brought matters to a favourable crisis. Akosh inter-

fered, and pointing out to the assembly that a justice must needs have a juror, and that nobody was better qualified to fill that office than his friend, the notary of St. Vilmosh, he caused that gifted individual to be raised on the arms of the Cortes, who carried him after the justice that was to be, and at length presented both justice and juror to the sheriff.

It need scarcely be said that Rosi was greatly shocked, but she became comforted on beholding her beloved notary on the shoulders of the Cortes, and when she understood that the public voice designated her chosen husband to fill the office of juror. She busied herself with arranging the things in the room, which had been put in disorder by the tumultuous entry of the Cortes. While she was thus occupied she heard Mr. Catspaw's voice in the next room (which was his own). He was, it appears, in the act of dismissing some individual, for he said: —

"Well, then, at seven o'clock precisely, near the notary's garden."

"Yes, your lordship! I mean to be punctual, your lordship," said another voice, which, though Oriental, did not seem to belong to a Hungarian.

"You know your reward," rejoined Mr. Catspaw, as his interlocutor left the room.

"Confusion!" exclaimed the frightened maid.

"Mr. Catspaw was in his room! He knows all now, for he is wondrous sharp of hearing. What if he were to peach to my lady?" And uttering maledictions on the head of the attorney and his Jew, Rosi locked the door of her mistress's room and made the best of her way to the kitchen.

The sheriff had meanwhile informed the most influential of his guests that he wished them to meet him for the purpose of a consultation. The Dons of the county assembled in the dining-room, which had been arranged for the sittings of a committee. In a corner of this room, which was ornamented with Rety's family portraits, and which still retained a faint smell of the dinner, there were three men of note standing together. They were Mr. Slatzanek, the agent and plenipotentiary of the Count Kovary; Baron Shoskuti; and Mr. Kriver, the recorder. Their conversation ran in the most natural course, that is to say, it turned on the chances of the election.

"Are you sure," said Mr. Slatzanek, addressing the recorder, "of that wretched Vetshösy having joined Bantornyi's party?"

"I grieve to say that there can be no doubt about it."

"Did I not always tell you," cried the Baron —

"did I not tell you a thousand times that I suspected Vetshösy? Three years ago, just a fortnight before the election, on a Friday afternoon, unless I am mistaken, I met you, Mr. Kriver, at the coffee-house. There were some of us, and some officers likewise, and I lighted my pipe and sat by you, and I said: 'That fellow Vetshösy ——'"

"You were quite right, sir; but ——"

"That fellow Vetshösy, said I, is a liberal, and, what is worse, he talks of his principles; he has some property, and ——"

"Just so!" interposed Slatzanek. "Vetshösy is an influential man; the more fools we for making him justice of a district in which there are so many votes; but ——"

"I know what you are about to say!" cried the Baron. "He might be gained over. Now, I'll tell you, I live in his district. Very well then, what do you say to a hunt — a legal hunt — a wolf hunt? We will have the peasants to drive the game. You will all come, and he, as justice of the district, must be one of us. Of course our wolf hunt is but a legal fiction, but he, as district judge, must be one of us, and we'll snare him, that we will."

"Alas!" sighed the recorder, "this is well and good; but the great obstacle is your son, the young

Baron. He has more influence in the county than you have, and he is against us."

"Devil of a boy! devil of a boy!" cried the Baron, "and yet how often did I not say: My son Valentine ——"

"Suppose you were to exert your paternal authority?"

"Just so! You are right. My paternal authority authorises me to force my boy to any thing I like. And we are always of the same opinion, that boy and I; and he obeys me in all things, that boy does; and I think he had better, so he had! but on that one subject he is most unreasonable, I tell you."

"But it is on that very subject that he ought to yield to your superior wisdom."

"You are right! indeed you are. I'll disinherit that boy, confound me if I do not!"

Slatzanek, who was aware that the old Baron had very little to leave, and whose sagacity taught him to expect little or no effect from so vague a threat of a remote contingency, inquired whether there was no other means of compelling the young man; to which the Baron replied that there was no lack of means, especially if the lad could but be induced to marry.

"You have no idea, sir, how strongly marriage

tells upon a man," said he, "especially in our family. When I was a bachelor, I was the most liberal man you could meet with in three counties any summer's day; and at present ——. But the boy won't marry!"

"How do we stand in this district?" said Slatzanek, addressing Mr. Kriver.

"As bad as can be. Tengelyi is against us."

"Tengelyi!" cried the Baron. "Tengelyi indeed! A mere village notary! Bless my soul! Tengelyi! How many Tengelyis does it take, do you think, to face *me* at the election?"

"Alas!" said Slatzanek, "votes are counted in this country, and not weighed; I know few men that are more powerful than this notary."

"And Akosh Rety," suggested Mr. Kriver, "does not indeed oppose us, but that is all."

"Ah!" cried the Baron; "just like my own son! I said just now ——"

"However, if the Kishlakis stand but by us, we are pretty certain of this district."

"But we cannot rely on the Kishlakis," said Kriver. "Kalman is out of temper; he is jealous of the Count Harashy."

"You don't say so! Miss Rety was proclaimed as his future wife."

"Ay, but the Cortes did it," whispered the recorder, "and it struck me that Lady Rety was not at all pleased."

"You are right," said the Baron. "It struck me too. I sat by Lady Rety, talking of the weather, when the Cortes bore Kalman about, and when I heard them shouting, — 'Dear lady,' said I ——"

"We must be careful," said Slatzanek; "I fear ours is a bad position."

"As for me," said Mr. Kriver, "you are aware of my zeal; and I assure you that I will keep our party *au courant* of all the enemy's manœuvres."

"And to know your adversary's plans is half the battle!" cried the Baron, clapping his hands.

"Oh! if the noblemen in the county were all like my own tenants!" cried Slatzanek. "They vote with me; if they do not, they lose their farms. They are the men for an election!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the sheriff, and the labours of the committee commenced in due form with a provisional election of functionaries: Rety came in for the shrievalty; Mr. Kriver, the recorder, was appointed his Vice; and almost every one of the persons present obtained the promise of a place, either for

himself or a friend. This done, the committee directed their attention to the means of fighting the battle of the real election; and, after a lengthened conversation on the usual electioneering tactics,—the favouring of a class, the kidnapping of electors, and the devising of plans for the especial annoyance of the hostile party, it was finally resolved to arrange the reception of the Lord-Lieutenant, who was to conduct the election, in such a manner as to impress that great functionary with a favourable opinion of the Rety party. But the most arduous duty of the committee was the "finding the ways and means" for the confirmation of their political friends, and the conciliation of such among the enemy's troops as had some scruples about the justice of the cause which they had espoused. But Slatzanek's talents of persuasion, and the Lady Rety's sarcastic remarks, prevailed against the prudential considerations of certain timid assessors and justices; and the subscription having terminated to the general satisfaction of Rety and his friends, the meeting dispersed.

CHAP. VI.

WHILE the committee were carrying on their deliberations in the castle of Tissaret, the house of the notary stood in peaceful tranquillity, and only the lights, which shone through the windows, gave evidence of the presence of its inhabitants. The house had two rooms fronting the street; one of these apartments, which had a back door communicating with the court-yard, was devoted to the use of Tengelyi, who kept his papers in it. The other room, which opened into the former apartment and the kitchen, was occupied by Mrs. Ershebet and her daughter. The kitchen had two doors, one leading to the garden, and the other to the yard. Next the kitchen was the store-room in which Viola had been hidden. At the further end of the house was the servants' room, and a small chamber in which lay Viola's wife. Tengelyi had spent the day at Tsherepesh, at Mr. Bantornyi's house; for the Bantornyi party, too, had their meetings and committees. Mrs. Ershebet, and Vandory who had dined

at the notary's, were in the sick chamber, and Etelka and Vilma sat chatting in the second front room.

"Then you did not see him after all!" said Etelka. "'Tis a pity. I would give any thing to meet Viola, for I take a great interest in him."

"How *can* you talk in that way! God knows I pity the poor man; but I certainly do not wish to make his acquaintance. You are bold and courageous! but as for me, I am sure it would kill me to see him. They say he is a murderer."

"Nonsense! a man who is so fond of his wife as Viola cannot be so wicked as they say he is. I do not know of any man — except your father — who would brave so great a danger to see his wife under such circumstances: I can admire that love, even in a robber; and thus I too wish to be beloved, no matter by whom!"

"If that can satisfy you," said Vilma, "I am sure there is nothing but what Kalman will do for you."

"Always excepting the being sober, and eschewing swearing, and all the clumsy affectation of a cavalier. Kalman would do any thing for me, but the one thing I ask him to do."

"Now you are unjust. I am sure he would leap into the fire for your sake."

"Of course he would, especially if some of his friends were present to extol his bravery. Kalman is very brave; it is his nature to be so; he cannot help it. He has many good qualities, I grant, but pray do not tell me that he loves me."

"I see you are again at odds with him. What is his crime?"

"He — but never mind! I will not talk about it. I cannot respect him, nor can I believe that he loves me."

"Akosh has a far different opinion of him."

"So he has!" rejoined Etelka; "but may I not question the justness of his views? Men are wont to prize their friends for those qualities which are of the greatest use to them. A good sportsman, a man that sticks to his word, and who will fight a duel for his friend at a moment's warning — such a man is their idol; they are half astonished, and more than half disgusted that *we* should ask for more. But I do!"

Vilma was silent. She saw that Etelka was hurt, and Etelka too wished to change the topic of their conversation. Addressing Vilma again, she said:—

"I can fancy your father's disgust last night, when he came home and learned what had happened."

"I never saw him in such a state. But Vandory came with him; he succeeded in quieting my father. I tremble when I think of it. He says he will have his right in this business."

"Never fear," said Etelka.

"But do you know whom he suspects of being the cause? He lays it all at the door of your father and mother?"

"Of my *step*mother; and I am afraid he is right in his suspicions."

"Yes; but my father is again angry with all your family, except yourself. He is most violent against Akosh, who saved us from ruin. Only think if they had searched the house and found Viola! My father ——"

"He will never know it."

"But if my father were to bring an action against Mr. Skinner? He protests he will do it."

"He will never do it. He was angry at the time, and I am sure he will reconsider the subject. But do not speak to him about it. If he knew it, he would not keep quiet, and there are many people who would be glad of any opportunity of showing their enmity against him."

"That's what old Mother Liptaka said. But you

cannot think how distressing my situation is. I, who never kept any thing secret from my father, must now face him with an untruth. Every noise alarms me; for with my secret I lose my father's love. Oh! I cannot bear it!"

"And yet you must bear it," replied Etelka, embracing the weeping girl. "The peace of mind and the welfare of your father demand this sacrifice."

"I think so too," said Vilma; "but then you have no idea how kind my father is, and how I long to kneel down and confess my fault to him!"

"My poor Vilma," sighed Miss Rety, "I am at a loss whether I am to pity you, or to envy you. I am not in a position to confide in my parent. But be comforted: trust me, things will be altered. I understand my father is to resign after the election, and Mr. Tengelyi's anger will subside. Vandory will perhaps provide for Viola's wife. In a few weeks you will be able to tell your father all your sorrows."

"But what am I to do in the meantime? Viola came, though he knew that the whole village was in arms against him. The Liptaka tells me that he loves his wife more than I can think or understand. May he not come to-morrow, or to-night, or any

time? — Jesus Maria!" shrieked Vilma, turning her pale face to the garden — "there he is!"

"Who?" asked Etelka, looking in the same direction.

"He! he is gone now, — but trust me, there he stood! I saw his face quite plainly!"

"Do you speak of Viola? Believe me you will not see him here, so long as Mr. Skinner, with half the county at his back, keeps infesting the place. How foolish and how pale you are! Come. I will fetch you a glass of water; it will do you good."

Just as Etelka got up to leave the room, some one outside knocked softly at the door.

"Oh, pray do not go!" cried Vilma. "Who can it be that knocks. It is so late! I fear ——"

"Some one for your father; but we'll see. Come in!" said Etelka.

The door opened, and a Jew entered with many low bows and entreaties to excuse the liberty he was taking in saying good evening to the high and gracious ladies.

. Vilma's fear, and the Jew's humility, formed so trange a contrast, that Etelka could not repress a ile, especially when she saw that Vilma remained in bodily fear of the stranger, who stood quietly the door, turning his brimless hat in his hands.

His appearance was not that of a robber; on the contrary, he was a sickly and unarmed man; still his aspect was of a kind to make even a bold man feel uncomfortable in his presence. Jantshi, or John, the glazier (such at least was his name in *this* county) was the ugliest man in the whole kingdom of Hungary. His diminutive body seemed as if bowed down by the weight of his gigantic head; his face was marked with the small-pox, and more than one-half of it was covered with a forest of red hair, and a wiry, dirty beard of the same colour. He had lost one of his eyes — its place was covered with a black patch; the searching and roving look of his other eye, his shuffling gait, and his cringing politeness, made him an object of suspicion and dislike to every one that chanced to meet him. Even Etelka felt disagreeably touched by the man's looks, and she became positively alarmed when Vilma whispered to her, that that was the face which she had seen at the window.

"Mr. Tengelyi is out, I tell you," said Etelka. "You may come to-morrow morning."

"Most gracious lady," said the Jew, still turning his hat and looking round, "this is indeed a misfortune! I have some pressing business with the high-born Mr. Tengelyi."

"Well then, come back in half-an-hour; perhaps he'll be home to supper."

"If so, may I wait outside?" asked the Jew, without, however, moving from the place where he stood. "Has his worship any dogs?"

"Dogs?" said Vilma.

"Yes, if there are no dogs in the yard I can wait; but if there are any I cannot wait. I am afraid of them."

"You may wait!" said Etelka, angrily; "there are no dogs in the house."

"Yes: but there may be some in the next house. I am a stranger, and it was but last year, in the third village from here, that the dogs nearly tore me to pieces. Since that time I fear them." And the stranger told them a long story, how he was walking through the village, how the dogs attacked him, and how he was saved by a shepherd who happened to hear his cries. "Bless me!" added the Jew, "if that man had not come they would have torn my cloak, and it was a very good cloak; it was not new, but it was a good cloak, for I bought it at Pesth for five florins and thirty kreutzers."

The Jew was so cunning, and withal so awkward, that Etelka could not help laughing at him; but Vilma felt uncomfortable, and asked him to go and

come back in half an hour. Whereupon the Jew said that he would wait in the servants' room.

"No!" said Vilma; "there is a sick woman lying close by the servants' room; besides, we have told you over and over again that you must come back in half an hour, and that you shall not stay."

The Jew bowed very humbly, and walking to the door which led into the kitchen, he opened it.

"Stop!" said Vilma; "where are you going to?"

"I throw myself at your feet! I ask a thousand pardons! I am so confused. May I go through that door into the yard?"

"That door is locked. Get out by the door through which you came in."

The Jew made another low bow, and walked across Tengelyi's room to the door by which he had entered; not, however, without looking to the adjoining room, dropping his hat on the floor, and turning the handle of the door in every direction but the right one, while his eye seemed to peer into and examine every corner of the apartment.

"What do you say to that?" asked Vilma, when he was gone; "I will bet you any thing that fellow is a spy."

"Nothing is more likely; for he seems to be capable of any thing, and in war he would certainly act as a spy. But why should he exercise that noble trade in your house?"

"He was looking after Viola and his wife. You know how eager Mr. Skinner is to arrest the robber."

"I know that yesterday he was in pursuit of the poor man; but to-day he has other matters to think of. No, I am sure the Jew has some request or some complaint to make to your father."

"But he asked so many questions; he looked into every corner of the room."

"He was afraid of the dogs, and perhaps he hoped to discover a broken pane of glass. It would have been a job for him, you know."

But Vilma was by no means easy in her mind. She was about to give vent to a great many more fears, when Tengelyi's arrival put a stop to the conversation.

While his daughter took charge of his hat and cane, the notary turned to Etelka.

"I was hardly prepared to find Miss Rety here," said he, "there are so many guests at the Castle."

"Are you not aware that their presence at the Castle adds to my reasons for coming here?"

"Indeed! I fancied that these gentlemen could not be sufficiently honoured just before the election."

Etelka's feelings were hurt, and she was at a loss what to say; but Vilma, who wished to turn the conversation into another channel, asked her father whether he had not met a Jew, who had just left the house.

"I did meet him," said the notary. "I found him near my door, talking to Mr. Catspaw. By the by, now I think of it, Mr. Catspaw asked me to give his compliments to Miss Rety, and to inform her that he is going to send a servant with a lanthorn. They are going to supper; the sheriff has several times asked for Miss Rety."

"But what did the Jew want with you? He was very pressing; he wanted to see you on business of great importance."

"Business? ay, yes, it's a sorry business to him, though good sport to others. The poor fellow did a job at the Castle, and the very praiseworthy Cortes of the county took his glass chest and broke it for him; and because he was not at all amused, or because he is a Jew, or one-eyed, or Heaven knows why they thrashed him. It's a trifling matter, you see," said the notary, addressing Miss Rety, "for some people must be beaten at an election, especially Jews, merely

to give the new officers something to do, and to convince the sufferers that, as far as they are concerned, things have remained much the same as they were before.

"But, father dear, this is indeed horrible," said Vilma.

"Nothing more simple, dearest child. What were an Hungarian's liberties worth, if he were not allowed to thrash a Jew? But the affair has been settled. Mr. Catspaw has promised to pay for the glass, and I am very much mistaken if the Jew does not make the attorney pay for the beating too."

Mrs. Ershebet and the clergyman entered the room. Etelka kissed her friend and returned to the Castle.

CHAP. VII.

It was but natural that while the Conservative party at Tissaret made so many preparations for the election, Mr. Bantornyi's cooks and butlers should be equally busy. Tserepesh was the seat of Bantornyi's party, whose numbers surpassed those of Rety's adherents. Almost all the great landowners of the county, with the exception of Kishlaki, Shoskuty, and Slatzanek, resorted to Tserepesh. Their enthusiasm (to judge from the noise they made) was unbounded, and their chief strength consisted in the support of the younger and consequently more liberal members of the community. But Mr. Kriver, who sided with either party, had his reasons for doubting the ultimate success of the Bantornyis. He was aware that excepting himself, the prothonotary, and a few vice-justices, all the placemen of the county belonged to the Conservative party, which did the more credit to their disinterestedness and foresight, as it was well known that Bantornyi was leagued with men, who, like himself, aspired for the first time to the honours and cares

of office, a policy whose edge will sometimes turn against him who uses it. Besides, (and this is indeed Mr. Kriver's chief ground of doubt,) Bantornyi's party had resolved to act upon the mind of the Cortes by persuasion, and to eschew bribery. This sublime, but rather impractical idea emanated from Tengelyi, whose motion to that effect was so zealously supported by Bantornyi's friends (excepting always the candidates for office), that the recorder's eloquence and Bantornyi's entreaties were of no avail against this virtuous resolution of theirs. In justice to Bantornyi we ought to say, that he and his family strove to make up for this fault, and his noble friends were never in want of either wine or brandy; but this rash resolution which the Retys published with their own commentaries was nevertheless a serious drawback to the success of the party. Well might the Bantornyis agitate for the emancipation of the Jews (so the Rety party said) since they were stingier than a thousand Jews; they despised the nobility because they refused to treat its members. Bantornyi's secret donations were fairly smothered by these public calumnies. Kriver was perfectly justified in protesting that what the party wanted was the *power of publicity*. Rety's men, on the other hand, perambulated the villages; they bore

gaudy flags; they had their houses of resort; they distributed feathers among the men and ribbons among the women; the very children in the streets were gained over to them. Every noble fellow knew that it would be three zwanzigers in his pocket if Rety was returned. And the Bantornyis walked about empty-handed, appealing to moral force! They had not even the ghost of a chance; the candidates for office became dissatisfied and talked of effecting a compromise with the enemy, and there is no saying what they might have done but for a most unexpected event, which caused them to rally round their leader.

The lord-lieutenant wrote to inform Mr. Bantornyi of his intention to visit the county, and of staying a night at Tserepesh. The letter which contained this welcome intelligence was in his Excellency's own handwriting, and the sensation produced in the county was of course immense. The lord-lieutenant had always taken up his quarters in Rety's house. Now Rety was a renegade. An old liberal, he had joined the Conservative party. And the lord-lieutenant, scorning Rety's proffered hospitality, turns to the house of his antagonist. His Excellency was a liberal at heart, and that was

the secret—at least in the opinion of the Tserepesh people. The Rety party were a little shocked. They said, of course, that his Excellency consulted but his own convenience; that Bantornyi's house was the most convenient place on *that* road, and that the inns in that part of the county were villánous; but in their inmost souls they denounced this step as the greatest political fault which his Excellency could have committed, and which, they were sure, *must* lead to his downfall. The anti-bribery party were positive that the high functionary was aware of the despicable means which the Retys employed to get their chief returned, and that he claimed Bantornyi's hospitality only to express his disgust at the unlawful practices of bribery and corruption. It need scarcely be said that Tengelyi was a zealous supporter of the latter opinion. But whatever reasons the Count Maroshvölgyi had for going to Tserepesh, certain it is that the news of his coming gave the Bantornyis hopes, and more than hopes of success. It steadied the wavering ranks of their partizans and recruited their number by a crowd of would-be candidates. The day appointed for the Count's arrival saw the house of the Bantornyis thronged with anti-bribery men; and though his Excellency was not expected before nightfall, it was

all but impossible to cross the hall at nine o'clock in the morning.

Bantornyi's house was one of those buildings with which every traveller in Hungary must be acquainted. It was a castellated mansion with nine windows; a large gate in the middle, and a tower at each of its four corners. The interior of these buildings is always the same. An ascent of three stone steps leads you to the gate, and walking through a large stone-paved hall you enter the dining-room, to the right of which are the apartments of the lady of the house, and to the left the rooms destined for the use of the landlord and his guests. Bantornyi's castle was built on this plan; but, ever since the return from England of Mr. Jacob—or *James* Bantornyi—(for he delighted most in the English reading of his name) Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi had come to be a stranger in his own house.

There is in England a very peculiar thing which is commonly known by the name of *comfort.* Mr. James had made deep investigations into the nature and qualities of this peculiar British "thing" (as he called it). Indeed he had come to understand and master it. The "thing," viz. comfort, is chiefly composed of three things: first, that a man's home be built as irregularly as possible; secondly, that there

be an abundance of small galleries and narrow passages, and no lack of steps near the doors of the rooms; and, thirdly, that the street-door be fastened with a Bramah lock and key. Curtains and low arm-chairs are capital things in their way; but most indispensable are some truly English fire-places fit for burning coal, for it is the smoke of coal which gives a zest to English comfort. When Mr. James Bantornyi returned from England, he rebuilt the family mansion on a plan which was suggested by "Loudon's Encyclopedia of Cottage Architecture." The new building which did so much honour to his taste, was not above one story high; but one of the old towers, which communicated with the new house, was built higher, and (in spite of Mr. Lajosh's protests) provided with a wooden staircase. A verandah was constructed on that side of the house which fronted the garden, and an antechamber and a billiard-room were built in the yard. The giant oaks of an English park were indeed but indifferently imitated by a few Mashanza apple trees; but the garden walls, which Mr. James caused to be painted red and yellow, gave a tolerable idea of the unpainted walls of an English landscape. The stables were, of course, condemned to similar improvements; and the grooms were threatened with instant dismissal if they pre-

sumed to do their work without that peculiar hissing noise which English grooms are wont to make in the exercise of their professional avocations. Stairs, steps, passages, verandahs, curtains, fireplaces, and arm-chairs — in short, every thing was there; and the Bramah lock was famous throughout the county; for once upon a time, when Mr. James had gone to Pesth, the street-door was found to be locked, and the key (by some inexplicable mischance) lost; nor could the family enter the house or leave it in any other way than by climbing through the windows of the verandah, until Mr. James, who had the other key fastened to his watch chain, returned from his journey and opened the door. The old castle, which was inhabited by Mr. Lajosh, had escaped most of these improvements; but Mr. James caused his elder brother to consent to some alterations being made in the dining-room. It was moreover pronounced to be a high crime and misdemeanour to smoke in any part of the house.

While Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi was busy in receiving and complimenting his guests, his brother James and Mr. Kriver were walking in the garden. James was evidently out of spirits. He shook his head, stood still, walked and shook his head again, beat his boots with a hunting-whip, and replied to the recorder's

remarks with "*most true*," "*yes*," "*indeed*," and other expressions of English parliamentary language.

"I am sure," said Mr. Kriver, in a whisper, "I am sure we are losing our labour, unless we have a committee-room and some flags. Your spending money is of no use. Your brother's popularity will not do him any good. They take your money, but they don't come to the election, and *if* they come, they are kidnapped by Rety's party."

"*You are right, my friend*, which means, I agree with you; but what the devil shall we do?"

"Induce your brother to get up some English affair, some *moting*, or *meeting*, or some such thing."

"*Meeting*, from *to meet*, which means that people meet. I hope you understand the derivation of the word!"

"That's it! We ought to get up something like a meeting where people meet and drink."

"You are mistaken. That drinking business is altogether a different affair: they call it a '*political dinner*.' But you *meet* to discuss a question; and people sign their names to petitions by hundreds of thousands and more, and such a petition tells upon the government. I attended such a meeting at Glasgow, but ——"

Nothing can equal the horror which Mr. Kriver

felt when he saw Mr. James prepared to favour him with a sketch of his travels. "Ah! I know," said the recorder quickly, "you, too, signed the petition; it was when you made that agitation about the Poor Law. But to return to what I was saying, we ought to give a political dinner, and you ought to make a speech, and state the principles of the party."

"No; they drink the king's health first, and the health of the members of the royal family, for the dynasty ought to be honoured. A man is at liberty to say of the government whatever he pleases; but the king, you know, the king must be honoured. That's the liberty of an Englishman. Next ——"

"The lord-lieutenant."

"Shocking! You are quite in the dark about it. After the royal family we must have some class toasts; for example, the Church, army, and navy."

"I'm afraid those toasts would do little good. There is a strong feeling against the Papists; that toast of the Church is enough to send all our Protestants to—Rety."

"You are quite right. Our Dissenters hate our High Church as much as the English Dissenters hate theirs. But I don't see why we should not toast 'the Church.' Every man drinks to his own Church; but if they were to accuse us of sympathy for the

Roman Catholics, where's the harm? Only think how closely the Whigs were leagued with O'Connell!"

"My friend," said Mr. Kriver, "you know England; but I know this county. Our countrymen cannot understand and appreciate your ideas."

"Yes!" said Mr. James, highly flattered, "I am sure they cannot. But the army we must have."

"Of course, if you wish it. But the great thing is to make it a regular, downright, out-and-out, drinking bout."

"But what in the world are we to do? My brother and I have gone all lengths. We have spent a year's income on this confounded election."

"Nor is money the thing we want, if we can but make some grand demonstration. But unless our people get their feathers and colours, we are winged. Do but induce your brother to act like a man; we are sure to gain the day."

"We have promised to employ none but honourable means ——"

"To get the majority. But the means which I propose are, in *my* opinion, most honourable. Is there any thing dishonourable in hospitality?"

"Certainly not; and I grant you the resolution admits of various interpretations. But some people there are who do not think so."

"Nonsense! When we passed that silly resolution, there were indeed lots of fools that voted with Tengelyi; but why did they do it? Because they were not booked for a place, and because they were afraid for their money But with your own money you are quite at liberty to buy as many Cortes as you please."

"But Tengelyi!"

"Tengelyi! What of him? And suppose he were to leave us, what then? He is an honest man, I grant you; but after all, he is only a village notary."

"His influence is great, especially with the clergy; and if *he* were to oppose us——"

"Oppose us? Impossible! Tengelyi is more impracticable than any man ever was. No matter whether you insult him or flatter him, you lose your pains. The good man fancies that a village notary's conviction goes beyond every thing. Besides, he will never vote for Rety's party; and if he votes for them, I know of something that will play the devil with his influence."

"Well?"

"Tengelyi," whispered Kriver, "is not a nobleman."

"Not a ——! can it be possible?"

"I am sure of it. You know that fellow Catspaw is a crony of mine. Old Rety was Tengelyi's friend, though they hate one another now; and old Rety knows all Tengelyi's secrets. Catspaw told me that the notary has not a rag of paper to prove his noble descent by. The prothonotary, too, is aware of it, though he keeps his counsel; and so do we, if he votes for us. But if he turns against us, we have him close enough in a corner."

The prothonotary, who at this moment came up, confirmed Mr. Kriver's statement; and Mr. James pledged his word as a gentleman to hoist the colours of the party, and to invite the whole county to a political dinner.

The day passed amidst Mr. James's varied, and indeed interesting, accounts of the Doncaster races, and the debates of the English parliament — accounts which were given seriatim to small knots of guests in every corner of every room in the house; while Mrs. James Bantornyi was busy superintending the arrangement of the apartments destined for the lord-lieutenant's use. In the evening Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi was in a state of great excitement. He walked restlessly to and fro, pulled out his watch, and looked at it. He walked out into the park and came back again, addressing every one he met with: "Real

his Excellency ought to be here by this time!" Whereupon some of the guests said: "Yes, so he ought!" and others protested that his Excellency must have been detained on the road. The words of "*contra*" and "*pagat ultimo*" rung from the card table; and the noise of a political discussion, in which no less than thirty persons joined, intent on reconciling twelve opinions on four different subjects, drowned the complaints of Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi. But Mr. James, who saw and pitied his brother's distress, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by two torch-bearers, set out to meet the lord-lieutenant on the road. He was scarcely gone when the din of an angry discussion broke through the dense cloud of smoke which enveloped the card-tables.

"Mr. Sheriff, this is unsupportable; this is!" cried a man with a sallow and somewhat dirty face. It was Mr. Janoshy, an assessor, and a man of influence. "Mr. Sheriff, I won't stand it. Penzeshy has saved his pagat!"

"Has he indeed? Well then, there is no help for it, if he has saved it."

"But I covered it."

"But why did you cover it?"

"Because I have eight taroks."

"Eight taroks! Why then, in the name of h—ll, did you not take it?"

"Why, what did *you* lead spades for?"

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?"

"Clubs, sir! It was your bounden duty, sir, to lead clubs, sir," said Janoshy, very fiercely.

"Clubs be ——! Do you mean to tell me, sir, that I ought to have played my king? I'd see you ——"

"I appeal to you!" cried Janoshy, addressing Penzeshy, who was shuffling the cards, while the company thronged round the table.

"Go on!" said Mr. Kriver.

"This is not fair play!" cried Janoshy.

"I play to please myself and not you," retorted the sheriff.

"Then you ought to play by yourself, but not for *my* money!"

"Here's your stake! take it and welcome!"

"I won't stand it. By G—d I won't!" cried Mr. Janoshy, jumping up. "You, sir! you take the money back, or give it to your servant, (poor fellow! it's little enough he gets); but don't talk to me in that way, sir! I won't stand it, sir!"

Here the altercation was interrupted by the general

ference of every man in the room, and in the ısion of tongues which ensued, nothing was ł but the words, "pagat, — sheriff — good man- — *tous les trois*" — until Shoskuty, in a blue ȝ embroidered with gold (for every body was in dress), entered the room. He silenced the most ȝ by being noisier still. "*Domini spectabiles!*" l Shoskuty, "for God's sake be quiet, Mr. Ja- y is quite hoarse, and I am sure his Excellency is ing. That confounded pagat!—only think of his ellency!— though it was saved — for after all we but mortal men!—I am sure he is hoarse;" and he went on, when of a sudden the doors of the tment were flung open and a servant rushed in ıting, "His Excellency is at the door!"

Is he? Goodness be — where's my sabre?" ł Shoskuty, running to the antechamber which ed as a temporary arsenal, while the rest of the pany ran into the next room, where they fought their pelisses.

'I do pray, *domine spectabilis!* but this is ıe. It's green with ermine!" cried the recorder, ȝping one of the assessors who had just donned his sse, and who turned to look for his sword. The ȝssor protested with great indignation, and the re- ler was at length compelled to admit his mistake.

Disgusted as he was, he dropped his kalpac, which was immediately trodden down by the crowd.

"'Sblood! where is my sword? Terrem tette!' shouted Janoshy, making vain endeavours to push forward into the sword room, while Shoskuty, who had secured his weapon, was equally unsuccessful in his struggles to obtain his pelisse.

"But I pray! I *do* pray! I am the speaker of the deputation — blue and gold — I must have it — do but consider!" groaned the worthy baron. His endeavours were at length crowned with success, and he possessed himself of a pelisse which certainly bore some similarity to his own. Throwing it over his shoulders Baron Shoskuty did his best to add to the general confusion by entreating the gentlemen to be quick, "for," added he, "his Excellency has just arrived!"

The lord-lieutenant's carriage had by this time advanced to the park palings, where the schoolboys and the peasantry greeted its arrival with maddening "Eljens!" The coachman was in the act of turning the corner of the gate, when the quick flash and the awful roar of artillery burst forth from the ditch at the road-side. His Excellency was surprised; so were the horses. They shied and overturned the carriage. The torch-bearing horsemen

galloped about, frightening the village out of its propriety, as the foxes did, when Samson made them torch-bearers to the Philistines. Mr. James, following the impulse of the moment, came down over his horse's head; the deputation, who were waiting in Bantornyi's hall, wrung their hands with horror. At length the horses ceased rearing and plunging; and as the danger of being kicked by them was now fairly over, the company to a man rushed to welcome their beloved lord-lieutenant.

The deputation was splendid, at least in the Hungarian acceptation of the word, for all the dresses of all its members were richly embroidered. Shoskuty in a short blue jacket frogged and corded and fringed with gold, and with his red face glowing under the weight of a white and metal-covered kalpac, felt that the dignity of a whole county was represented by his resplendent person. Thrice did he bow to his Excellency, and thrice did the deputation rattle their spurs and imitate the movement of their leader, who, taking his speech from the pocket of his cloak, addressed the high functionary with a voice tremulous with emotion.

"At length, glorious man, hast thou entered the circle of thy admirers, and the hearts which hitherto sighed for thee, beat joyfully in thy presence!"

His Excellency unfolded a handkerchief ready for use; the members of the deputation cried "Helyesh!" and the curate of a neighbouring village, who had joined the deputation, became excited and nervous. The speaker went on.

"Respect and gratitude follow thy shadow; and within the borders of thy county there is no man but glories in the consciousness that *thou* art his superior."

"He talks in print! he does indeed," whispered an assessor.

"I beg your pardon," said the curate, very nervously, "it was *I* who made that speech."

"*Tantœne animis cœlestibus iræ!* These parsons are dreadfully jealous," said the assessor. Shoskuty, turning a leaf of his manuscript, proceeded:

"The flock which now stands before thee"—(here the members of the deputation looked surprised, and shook their heads)—"is but a small part of that numerous herd which feeds on thy pastures; and he who introduces them to thy notice"—(Shoskuty himself was vastly astonished)—"is not better than the rest: though he wears thy coat, he were lost but for thy guidance and correction."

The audience whispered among themselves, and the lord-lieutenant could not help smiling.

"For God's sake, what *are* you about?" whispered Mr. Kriver. "Turn a leaf!" Baron Shoskuty, turning a leaf, and looking the picture of blank despair, continued:

"Here thou seekest vainly for science—vainly for patriotic merits—vainly dost thou seek for all that mankind have a right to be proud of——"

The members of the deputation became unruly.

"They are peasants, thou beholdest,——"

Here a storm of indignation burst forth.

"In their Sunday dresses——"

"Are you mad, Baron Shoskuty?"

"But good Christians, all of them," sighed the wretched baron, with angelic meekness: "there is not a single heretic among my flock."

"He is mad! let us cheer!—Eljen! Eljen!"

"Somebody has given me the wrong pelisse!" said Shoskuty, making his retreat; while the lord-lieutenant replied to the address to the best of his abilities, that is to say, very badly, for he was half choked with suppressed laughter.

But the curate, who had displayed so unusual a degree of nervousness at the commencement of the address, followed Shoskuty to the next room, whither that worthy man fled to bemoan his defeat.

"Sir, how dare you steal my speech?" cried the curate.

"Leave me alone! I am a ruined man, and all through you!"

"Well, sir; this is well. You steal my speech, and read it. Now what am I to do? I made that speech, and a deal of trouble it gave me. Now what am I to tell the bishop at his visitation on Monday next?"

"But, in the name of Heaven, why did you take my cloak?"

"*Your* cloak?"

"Yes; *my* cloak. I am sure my speech is in your pocket."

The curate searched the pockets of the pelisse, and produced a manuscript. "Dear me!" said he, wringing his hands; "it *is* your cloak." And the discomfited orators were very sad, and would not be comforted.

CHAP. VIII.

DUSTBURY is the chief market town of the county of Takshony. While the Greeks of old built their cities in the clefts and hollows of rocks, as the learned tell us, we are informed that the vagrant nation from which we are descended were wont to settle on fertile soil; wherever our ancestors found luxurious crops of grass and a fountain of sweet water, there did they stop and feed their flocks. In this spirit they made their earliest camp at Dustbury. But when the tents gave way to houses, the luxuriant green of the pasturage disappeared, and the fountains of sweet waters, which invited our fathers to stay and rest on their banks, stagnated, and became a vast substantial bog. Still, if you look at the streets of Dustbury in autumn, and if you take notice (for who can help it?) of the deep cart-ruts in the street, you must confess that Dustbury does indeed lie in Canaan; and throughout many weeks in every year even the least patriotic of the natives of Dustbury find it difficult, and even

impossible, to leave the city. The houses of Dustbury are intersected and divided by a variety of narrow lanes and alleys, which, by their intricacy, are apt to perplex the stranger within her gates. They have a striking family likeness. Except only the council-house and a few mansions, they are all, to a house, covered with wood or straw; and so great is their uniformity, that the very natives of Dustbury have been known to make awkward mistakes. A great deal might be said of the modern improvements of the town, — such as the public promenade, the expense of which was defrayed by a subscription; and the plantations, containing trees (the only ones in the neighbourhood), which are protected by the police, and which left off growing ever since they were planted. There was a plantation of mulberry-trees, too; but it dated from the days of the Emperor Joseph; and no more than three mulberry-trees were left in it to tell the tale of departed glory. Next, there is the pavement, which a French tourist most unwarrantably mistook for a barricade; though, for the comfort of all timid minds, be it said, that the pavement has since been covered with a thick layer of mud, so as to be perceptible to those only who enter the town in a carriage. I could adduce a variety of other matters

to the praise and glory of Dustbury, but I abstain; and, leaving them to the next compiler of one of Mr. Murray's Handbooks, I introduce my readers into the council-house of Dustbury, and the lord-lieutenant's apartments.

The great man's antechamber was thronged with men of all parties, who, "armed as befits a man," waited for the moment—that bright spot in their existence!—which allowed them to pay their humble respects to his Excellency. Rety, Bantornyi, Baron Shoskuty, Slatzanek, and all the county magistrates and assessors, were there, either to report themselves for to-morrow's election, or to offer their humble advice to the royal commissioner. And truly their advice was valuable. One man said that X., the juror, was a man of subversive principles, and that the crown was in danger unless X. was to lose his place and Z. to have it. Another man protested that Mr. D. must be sworn as a notary: in short, every one had the most cogent reasons for wishing a certain place out of the hands of the very man who held it. The crowd dispersed at the approach of the evening. Some went to their club-rooms to harangue the Cortes, while others were busy preparing a serenade for the lord-lieutenant. That great man, meanwhile, tired out with his own kindness and

condescension, promenaded the room, and talked to his secretary.

"So you think," said his Excellency, "that things will go on smoothly to-morrow?"

"Smoothly enough, except for those who may happen to get a drubbing. Rety is sure to be returned. Bantornyi does not care. He put himself in nomination merely to please his brother. His party will be satisfied with a few of the smaller places. Rety, who is a good, honest man, resigns the office, and Kriver, who is agreeable to either party, takes his place."

"I trust there will be no outrages."

"Nothing of the kind. We have two companies of foot on the spot, and the cuirassiers are coming to-morrow."

"But you know very well that I detest the interference of the military. People *will* misconstrue that kind of thing. They talk of the freedom of election."

"No!" said the secretary, smiling; "your Excellency can have no idea how fond the people here are of bayonets. Bantornyi and Rety asked me at least ten times whether due preparation had been made for the maintenance of order and tranquillity, and when I told them of the horse, they were ready to

hug me from sheer delight. Your Excellency's predecessor was fond of soldiers, and there are people who cannot fancy a free election without bayonets. If they were called upon to paint the picture of Liberty, they'd put her between a grenadier and a cuirassier."

"Pray be serious!"

"So I am. Still it makes me laugh to think that the very men who now divide the county trace their origin as political parties to an idle controversy on the uniforms of the county-hussars. Hence the yellows and the blacks. I am sure your Excellency would laugh if you had seen their committee-rooms. Rety's head-quarters ring with high praises of his patriotism, for his having at the last election fixed the price of meat at threepence a pound; while in the next house you find all the butchers of the county for Bantornyi, the intrepid champion of protection and threepence-halfpenny. Just now, at the café, I overheard an argument on Vetsöshi's abilities, which were rated very low, because he is known to be a bad hand at cards. In short, your Excellency can have no idea of the farce which is acting around us. Slatzanek called half an hour ago, lamenting the loss of two of his best Cortes. They were stolen."

"They were — what?"

"Stolen, your Excellency. One of the men is forest-keeper to the bishop. He is a powerful fellow, with a stentorian voice, strongly attached to his party, and very influential in his way. He is a black. The yellow party surrounded him with false friends; they made him dead drunk, and in that state, in which they keep him, they take him from village to village, with the yellow flag waving over his head, thus showing him off, and making believe that he had joined their party. The thing happened a week ago, and the fellow, fancying that he is with the blacks, shouts 'Eljen!' with all the fury of drunken enthusiasm. The blacks have made several unsuccessful attempts to rescue their leader, and three noble communities, who were wont to vote with the bishop's keeper, have joined Bantornyi's party. The other man is a notary at Palinkash. They have put him down to a card-table, and whenever the wretched man thinks of the election, they cause him to win or to lose, just as it serves their turn to keep him there."

The lord-lieutenant laughed.

"Have you spoken to Tengelyi, the notary of Tissaret?"

"He is coming. To see that poor man lose his time and labour is really distressing. I never saw

more sincerity of enthusiasm and more manliness of feeling. The good man is almost sixty, and still he has not learnt that a village notary cannot possibly be a reformer."

"I am afraid he's tedious," said his Excellency; "but we must bear with him, since you tell me he is a man of influence."

"So he is, and more so than any notary in any county I know of. Vandory, by whom the clergy of this district are wont to swear, votes with the notary."

"He is a demagogue, I am told."

"No; I do not think that name applies to him. The principles, which demagogues make tools of, are the grand aim and end of his life. In short, he is half a century in advance of his age."

"The worse for him, he'll scarcely live to see the day of general enlightenment. Men of his stamp are most dangerous."

"Hardly so. Men of strong convictions are for the most part isolated. They want the power to do harm, for they have no party. Who will side with them?"

"*Nous verrons!*" said the Count Maroshvölgyi. "The notary is a family man; besides, he is poor.

this would hurt my feelings. The extent of our usefulness determines the value which we have for others. People do not value our will, but our power; and though a village notary such as I, may possibly in his own thoughts rate himself higher than he does his colleagues, it would be wrong in him to ask others to do the same. But may I inquire what are your Excellency's commands?"

"Some years ago, when you were intimate with the Retys, I used to see more of you."

Tengelyi looked displeased.

"Pardon me," added the count, "if I have pained you by reminding you of that time."

"On the contrary, I feel truly honoured that your Excellency should have remembered my humble self, painfully though I feel that my influence does not stretch to the length of my gratitude."

There was a hidden sting of bitterness in Tengelyi's words, and especially in the tone in which they were delivered. The count continued:—

"What I ask — or rather what I crave of you — has nothing to do with influence. It rests solely with you to grant my suit, and to oblige me for all time to come."

Tengelyi cast a glance of suspicion at the great

man. "Your Excellency," said he, drily, "may rely on me, if your command can be reconciled to my principles."

"I know you too well, and respect you too much to express any other wish. What I ask of you will convince you how deeply sensible I am of your merits."

Tengelyi bow

"I know," co ied count, "that you are *au fait* of the condition the county. Your office brings you in c ith the lower classes. You see and hear many gs which a lord-lieutenant can never know. Sp k freely to me, I pray, and be assured that to advise me is an act of charity."

The notary was silent.

"Do not impute my demand to an idle and vain curiosity. The election comes off to-morrow. It decides the fate of the county for the next three years. You *must* be sensible of the importance of this moment, and you know that my influence can be of use to the public, if I exert it with my eyes open."

Tengelyi was in the act of opening his lips and heart to the lord-lieutenant; but he remembered that

a man may take any line that suits his plans, and that his Excellency was known to be not over nice in such matters. He replied, therefore, that he was not mixed up with any party, and that he could not, to his great sorrow, enlighten his Excellency on that head.

Maroshvölgyi, who was a master in the noble art of flattery, had never yet encountered such an antagonist in the county of Takshony. He waived the attack.

"You mistake me. Do you indeed fancy me to be ignorant of the position of parties? I know more of them, I assure you, than is either good or wholesome for me. But is there nothing in the county beyond these wretched parties? Ought I not to know the condition of the people? Ought I not to know how the functionaries behave in their offices, and what the poorer classes have to expect from the candidates?"

"Is it then the condition of the people which your Excellency wishes to know?" said Tengelyi, with a deep sigh. "But who *can* give you an idea of their condition? Did you not, when you rode through the county, look out from your carriage at the villages on the roadside? And what was it you

saw? Roofless huts, the fields neglected, and their population walking dejectedly, without industry, without prosperity, without that joyful merry air so characteristic of the lower classes of other countries. Believe me, sir, the people in this country are not happy!"

"But, my dear Tengelyi, I think there is some exaggeration in your words. The Hungarian people do not stand so low as you would place them: I know none more proud and manly. The Hungarian peasant is happier than any I ever saw."

"Do not be imposed upon by appearances. The peasant of Hungary is a stiff-necked fellow; and I must say, I take a pride in this race, when I see that the oppression of so many years has not bent its neck. A nation which after so much oppression can still hold up its head, seems to be made for liberty,—but for all that, the people are not happy. We do not see them in rags,—but why? because they never had any clothes, except linen shirts and trowsers! but do they therefore feel the cold of winter less? They do not complain. No; for they know, from the experience of centuries, that their complaints are unheeded. But do they not feel the oppression which weighs down upon them? Do they not feel

the separation from their sons, when the latter are enrolled in the regiments, while the children of their noble neighbours show their courage in hunting at the expense of the subject's crops?"

"You live among the people," said the lord-lieutenant, quietly; "but believe me, in this respect, you are mistaken. I know Hungarian peasants who in wealth can vie with the agriculturists of any country."

"Of course; but are they the only peasants in Hungary? Are not there others in our counties, — men who are equally our brethren, — and who equally claim our attention? Consider the Russniak population of the county. We see them in rags, starved and wretched. Has any thing been done to bind these people to our nation? has any attempt been made to raise them to the rank of Magyars? of citizens of the country?"

"You are right, and it is to be hoped that the nation will soon understand its own interests. But what can the county magistrates do in this respect? What can I do?"

"Very much indeed!" replied the notary, enthusiastically; "if your Excellency would only extend your protection to the poor people! — if you

would use your influence for the election of officers who are alive to the sacred duties of their office!"

"Alas!" said Maroshvölgyi, "I wish to God it were so, and that I *could* be to the people what I wish to be."

"Your Excellency *can!*" cried Tengelyi. "There are honest men, even among the present county magistrates: I need not tell you their names. You know them as well as the Retys, Krivers, Skinners. Take the part of the former, and oppose the latter. Believe me, your Excellency, the county has no lack of noble and generous men, and it lies in your hands to make the people of Takshony a happy people."

"But you forget my political position. Rety, Kriver, and the other men, are men of my party whom I cannot possibly throw overboard: but, I assure you, I respect the feelings which you have expressed to me. If you were in my place, you would see that there are some great and fine ideas which a man cannot call into life, whatever his seeming power and influence may be. Whatever influence I may have in the county, I owe to the popularity which I have obtained through my conduct; and if I were to follow your advice, I should lose my popularity."

"Popularity! of course, all coteries have their popularity; whenever a body of men are united for a certain purpose, they show their gratitude for him who promotes that purpose, and applause, garlands, and triumphs fall to the share of him who speaks loudest, and agitates most zealously for the realisation of the common object. But do not others live in our country besides the nobility which fills our council-halls? Are there not nobler things to strive for than these paltry Eljens? And the people, those millions who silently surround us, those vast multitudes, who have at present no reward for their benefactors but sighs and tears, but who, on the day of their glory, will raise the names of their champions in a louder shout than all the Cortes in all Hungary;—are they nothing to you?"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a distant cry of "Eljen."

"I go, your Excellency," continued the notary, "to make room for others. You will be surrounded with adorers. You will have music and speeches; but, believe me, the gratitude of the people is not the less strong for being silent, and if our country has a future, it will certainly not pick out its great men from among the cheered of this wretched time!"

CHAP. IX.

As the evening wore on, the streets of Dustbury were restored to their usual darkness. The lord-lieutenant had retired after supper, and everything was quiet. From the committee-rooms, where the Cortes were locked up to keep them safe from foreign influence, there proceeded a low, dreamy, murmuring sound, mixed up at intervals with a hoarse voice, shouting the name of Bantornyi, or Rety, as the case might be; but no other signs of turbulence were there to warn the stranger of that gigantic uproar which, in less than thirty hours, was to welcome the birth of the new magistracy. One of the principal causes of this strange tranquillity might have been found in the fact that the town was occupied by Bantornyi's men only, and that consequently, any general engagement of the hostile parties was quite out of the question. For the Rety party had recurred to the well-known stratagem of marching their troops, in small detachments, close up to the scene of the contest, without entering the city. They were thus secured from having their men

kidnapped, and could expect that their appearance in one compact body would produce a general and striking effect in their favour.

One of their extra-mural camps was at the distance of five miles from Dustbury, at one of Rety's farms; and it is there we meet again with our old friends the three hundred noblemen of St. Vilmosh. The village inn is small. It is one of those agreeable hostelries in which the stranger, though he may not find accommodation for himself, is at times lucky enough to find a stable for his horse; nor is there any impediment to his eating a good supper if he happens to be provided with victuals, salt, plates, knives and forks. The stable and the large shed, which, save on rainy days, offered a good shelter at all times, were on this occasion filled with clean straw, and devoted to the exclusive use of the nobility. Mr. Pennahazy, the notary and leader of the St. Vilmosh volunteers, had carefully locked the gate of the yard, to prevent his men from deserting; and, having taken this necessary precaution, he retired to the bed of the Jewish landlord, while the Jew and his family lay on the floor of the same room. The inn was as noiseless and tranquil as if no stranger were tarrying within its gates. In the bar-room alone there was a light shining from a deal table, at

which two men were engaged in discussing a small flask of brandy. One of these men is the Jewish glazier to whom my readers were introduced in Tengelyi's house. His comrade, who is just in the act of lighting his pipe, has not yet figured in the pages of this story; but anybody that has visited the gaols of the county of Takshony will at once be convinced that the gentleman before him is Mr. Janosh of St. Vilmosh, alias Tzifra Jantshy; for it is not probable that he should have seen the gaol at a time when Tzifra was not in it; nor is it likely that any one who had once seen the man should ever forget him. Tzifra's character was very legibly marked on his face. His low and wrinkled forehead, his bushy eyebrows, his grey restless eyes, protruding jaws and livid face, with the frouzy grey hair and bluish, scorbutic lips, were calculated to make a strong, and by no means agreeable, impression upon any one who saw him. His sinewy limbs and powerful figure were, in the present instance, the more conspicuous from their contrast to the spare and starved form of the Jew.

"Well, well!" said the latter, shaking his head; "who could ever have supposed that you would come to the council-house without being dragged to it?"

"If a man's a nobleman, and is called to come—

you see that is a fine thing! I know the lower stories of the county-house extremely well, but I must say I like the upper stories better."

"If I were in your place, I would not go, that's all. There are so many people who know you,—the turnkeys, the haiduks ——"

"What the devil do I care for them? Who dares to touch a nobleman of St. Vilmosh?" cried Tzifra, striking the table with his fist. "They *shall* know me! I want them to know me; and when they see me walking in the hall, and when that confounded turnkey sees that I am a nobleman, while he's but a scurvy cur of a peasant, he'll burst with envy. No, I want to go there to make them savage; and if any of the fellows dares to look at me, by G—d I'll kick his pipe out of his mouth."

"Well!" sighed the Jew; "it's a fine thing to be a nobleman."

"So it is; d—n me, so it is! If a man's once suspected, they nab him and put him into quod, where he may wait until the gentlemen upstairs have time to think of him. Now a nobleman is bailable; he goes about for two or three years; and when sentence *is* passed and they nab him, at least they dare not beat him. Oh! I tell you the franchise is a fine thing, especially as you get it dirt cheap."

"You're a devil, Tzifra!" said the Jew; "but don't let Viola know of your call at the parson's. If he were to know of it, I wouldn't change my skin with you for all your nobility, nor for your devilship either."

The robber seized his knife. "Don't laugh at me, thou dog!" cried he, "for I will be ——"

The Jew jumped from his seat. A few moments afterwards he sat down again.

"Don't joke in this manner," said he; "I know you won't kill me, because I tell you of your danger. I myself heard Viola say that he will do for the man who did that job at the parson's."

"He'll never know it; or do you think that Viola suspects me?"

"No indeed, but ——"

"Or do you mean to betray me?" cried the robber, again seizing his knife. "You are the only man who knows that I was at the parsonage."

"Tzifra, you are a fool!" cried the Jew. "What have I to do with Viola or with the parson; didn't I sell the roan horse for you, which you *made* beyond the Theiss? And didn't you get ten florins and a half for that same hack?"

"Yes, but you did me then; but never mind, you're born to do it — it's your nature. But don't

you talk of that business — you know what I mean. Don't even tell it to your God; for otherwise Viola cannot possibly know it, and he'll be hanged before he is a month older."

"Will he, indeed!" said the Jew. "How will they do it?"

"Why, didn't they catch him the other day?" replied the robber. "He'd be done for by this time, had it not been for one of his comrades who fired the sheriff's haystacks."

"Does he owe that good turn to *you?*"

"To *me!* Can there be any one who hates him as I do? Viola was a child playing in the streets; when I came to the village with my men he used to hide behind the stove; and now, curse me! you ought to see him, how he lords it over me. If right and justice were done in this villanous world of ours, who do you think ought to lead the outlaws but I, Tzifra Jantshy, who have been their leader for many years? — I, who know every hole and corner on either side of the Theiss, and who am a greater man with the Tshikosh and Gulyash* than even their masters! But the rascals wanted another man, d—n them! I found Viola amongst them!

* See Note VIII.

—that fellow who trembles like a woman when he sees a drop of blood! that coward who pities a weeping child! they liked him better than me, and if I had said a word they would have hanged me. He commands and I obey — but, blast me! he'll have the worst of it!"

"Bravo!" said the Jew, pushing the bottle over to his comrade; "it is quite ridiculous to think that Viola should presume to give his orders to a man like *you*."

"Of course, so it is!" cried the robber; "and what stupid orders his are! The other day he finds me driving a peasant's oxen from the field, and kicks up a row, and swears that I must take them back, for he wouldn't allow any of the poor people to be hurt. Last year I shot a Jew, whereupon the fool told me he'd shoot *me* if that kind of thing were to happen again. But never mind! D—n him, we'll see which of us is to be food for the ravens first! He'll feel my revenge by and by!"

"Ah, I see!" cried the Jew. "It is you, then, who told his worship the justice that Viola was coming to Tissaret."

"Confound you! hold your tongue! And suppose I *did* tell him; what next?"

"Nothing that I know of; but I know an

it at once. Tengelyi bought it from one of our people in the market at Dustbury. He gave me the keys. The notary is at present at the election. We can do the job, and there is little danger."

"Aye!" said the robber; "let me see?"

"I won't!"

But Tzifra took the keys and put them into his pocket.

"So, now I don't want you. I can do it alone."

"Don't be a fool!" said the Jew; "what can you do with the keys?"

"Do?" cried Tzifra. "Go in and win! I'll have a hundred florins instead of five-and-twenty. I know that's the price which they offered."

"You're vastly clever, my friend. But do you happen to know the secret of the lock?"

"What is the secret?"

"Not so fast! You may wait a long while before *I* tell you."

"If you don't I ——"

"Don't kick up a row. Give me the keys, and come along with me, and the five-and-twenty florins are yours. All you have to do is, to watch the house, and, in case of danger, to come to my assistance."

"But twenty-five florins! Rascal, you know

you'll have a hundred, and you offer me but twenty-five!"

"But who is it that enters the house? Who got the keys? Twenty-five florins is a deal of money—it is the price of two young oxen."

"Will you give me fifty florins?"

"Impossible!" said the Jew. "The keys alone cost me no less than ten."

"Impossible? Very well. Oh! I am quite satisfied. I'll go to the election, and you may go to ——"

"Give me the keys!" cried the Jew. "I'll find another man."

"Nonsense! I'll keep them. If you want another comrade, I'll leave you to find other keys."

"I'll give you forty."

"I'll be d—d if I take less than fifty."

After quarrelling for a time they struck the bargain; and the Jew, putting his hand in his pocket, paid the robber ten florins in advance.

"Now let us be off," said the Jew, "for when the leaders get up they won't let you go."

"You are right," rejoined Tzifra. "They take us to the election as they do cattle to the market."

They had scarcely left the room when the dusky face of Peti was seen to emerge from a heap of coats and cloaks. The gipsy had listened to their con-

versation. He left his hiding-place, stole from the room, and hastened away to St. Vilmosh.

It is now our pleasant duty to turn to a far different scene from that which we were compelled to place before our readers, any of whom, if they have ever loved, can easily guess the sensation with which Akosh mounted his horse on the eve of the election, and, leaving the streets of Dustbury, hastened to Tissaret. Night had set in, and his absence escaped observation. A dense fog covered the plain between Dustbury and Tissaret, and the horseman found it difficult to keep on the path which led through the meadow-lands. But he did not feel the searching coldness of the night air, nor was he inclined to stop by the watch-fires of the shepherds, and to dry his clothes. He hurried on, for Etelka had promised her brother that he should meet Vilma, to whose house he now directed his course.

Strange though it may appear to the less initiated into the mysteries of the human heart, Tengelyi's influence with his family, though paramount in every other respect, was eclipsed by the superior power of their feelings; Vilma and her mother knew of young Rety's visit, and expected him with great eagerness and anxiety. Mrs. Ershebet's time and attention were indeed taken up with the cares and

anxieties which fill the heart of a Hungarian housewife who is expecting and preparing for the reception of a favoured guest; but when the evening wore on, when the turkey* was on the point of over-roasting, and the pastry drying up, — and when the good woman looked at the clock and saw its hands approaching to eight, she shook her head, and, looking out at the kitchen-door into the drear and misty night, she was fairly overpowered with fear.

She went to Vilma's room, and, in order to lighten the load of anxiety which pressed upon her own heart, she commenced consoling her daughter. "I am sure he will soon be here," said she; "but the worst is, my supper will be spoilt. But do not be afraid, child. There is indeed a dense fog — you cannot see over the way — but then Akosh knows his road in the dark as well as by daylight. There are no wolves about the country now; no, indeed! and he does not care whether he rides by day or by night." And Mrs. Ershebet laughed, and appeared rather amused than otherwise by Akosh's staying away. But her words had a far different effect from what she intended. Vilma had never once thought that any misfortune *could* befall him she loved; and when her mother's words directed her attention to the possibility of an accident which might happen

* See Note IX.

:o Akosh, she became painfully alive to all sorts of langers by which she fancied him surrounded.

" Good God!" cried she, "if any thing happens to iim, it is I who am the cause!"

" Oh!" said Mrs. Ershebet, anxiously, "he is on good terms with the robbers, his horses are safe, he knows his way, and it is quite ridiculous to think that he should have strayed into the morasses of St. Vilmosh."

Vilma opened the window; and when she saw the thick fog, she shuddered to think that Akosh was alone on the heath. Half an hour passed amidst the greatest uneasiness; at length the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard in the distance. Mother and daughter listened anxiously, and their surprise was any thing but agreeable, when the door opened, and, instead of Akosh, the Liptaka entered the kitchen. Vilma, scarcely able to repress her tears, cried out:—

" Oh, mother! now I am sure he is lost!"

" Perhaps he has not been able to get away," said Mrs. Ershebet; "at least, not early enough. He'll come to-morrow."

" To-morrow!" cried the Liptaka: "do not tell the girl such a thing. Mr. Akosh would not stay away — nay, that he would not! — even if there were

as many thunderbolts as there are drops of rain. Akosh too late! Is there a finer fellow in the county? I do not speak of the gentlemen, for it's easy to be a better man than any of them; but he beats us vulgar people, and in our own line, too. He is as strong as any that ever wore a *gatya**, and he is as bold as any *szegeny legeny*† in the world; and should he be afraid of darkness and rain? No, no, missie dear! any man will brave death for such a sweetheart as you are!"

"Don't be foolish!" said Mrs. Ershebet, highly flattered; "Vilma is no man's sweetheart."

"No matter," said the Liptaka, shaking her head; "it's what we poor people call a sweetheart. But never mind; come he must and he will, though the darkness of Egypt were on the heath."

"I am sure he will come," said Vilma, trembling. "Akosh is so bold! he knows not what danger is; but it is that which frightens me. The night is dark; and how easily can he have met with an accident!"

"The night is indeed dark," replied the Liptaka, with great earnestness; "but are not God's eyes open in the darkness? Not a sparrow falls from the roof without His will, and He protects the righteous on their paths. Fear nothing, missie

* See Note X. † See Note XI.

sweet!" added the old woman: "young Mr. Rety is in no danger. Perhaps he will suffer from the cold; but the fire of your eyes will warm him soon enough. A sorry thing it would be, indeed, if such a fellow could not manage to ride from Dustbury to Tissaret. Ay, indeed, if he were a fine gentleman, as the others are: but no! Akosh is a jewel of a lad. *I eat his soul.** I suckled him when a child, and I ought to know what stuff he is made of."

"Oh, Liptaka, I wish he were here!" whispered Vilma, while her mother walked to the other room. "I am so afraid." And the Liptaka replied in the same tone: "I, too, should be sorry to see your mother go to the kitchen. There are others who have come from a longer journey, and who dare not enter until Mr. Rety is here."

"For God's sake!" said Vilma, "is Viola here?"

The Liptaka's reply was prevented by the appearance of Akosh. To attempt a description of Vilma's joy would be a vain endeavour. No word in any language can convey to those who never felt the like, any idea of the deep, heartfelt happiness which was expressed in her gestures and face, and in the tone with which, calling out her mother's name and that of her lover, she hurried the new comer into the next room.

* See Note XII.

The old nurse left the room by the opposite door. "Now for Viola," muttered she; "for he, too, loves his wife. Why, old fool that I am! my eyes have got full of tears in looking at the children! I can't help it; but I must think of my own Jantshy, and how I loved him, and how happy we were; and now the poor fellow is buried in France. It is written, Man shall not sever what God has brought together; but, for all that, the magistrates took Jantshy from me, and made him a soldier."

She was roused from these cogitations by a low voice, calling her name.

"Who's there?" said the old woman.

"It is I! Don't you know me?"

"Peti!" cried the Liptaka. "I thought you were at Dustbury. Where do you come from?"

"For God's sake, be quiet! Is *he* here?"

"Who? — Viola?"

"Yes! Whom else could I mean?"

The Liptaka was silent, for she knew that there were false brethren in Viola's gang.

"Do you suspect *me?*" said the gipsy, impatiently. "I have been on my legs ever since yesterday; but, if *you* do not know where he is, I must run until I find him, tired though I am."

"Are you coming to see him on business?"

"I *must* talk to Viola! I *must*, I tell you!"

"Very well; come with me," said the Liptaka, moved by the plaintive voice of the gipsy: and, more than half ashamed of having suspected him, she added: "One *does* get cautious in this sad time, since there are so many rascals even among the poor people."

The notary's house was indeed the home of happiness. They say, love spoils a man's appetite; but a ride of twenty miles goes a great way to counteract at least this symptom of the complaint. Mrs. Ershebet had cause to be pleased with her guest, who, fatigued with his ride and starved with the cold, was in that lucky temper in which a man enjoys a warm room and a hot supper.

"Take another piece of this tart," said Mrs. Ershebet, when young Rety's attention to the dishes began to flag; "it is not so good as the pastry your worship is accustomed to, but it is of the best our poor house can afford. It is, perhaps, a little too brown,—for your worship came later than we expected; but it is very soft. Take some, I pray."

Akosh—who would have done any thing to escape the *peine forte et dure* of the tart, protested against

Mrs. Ershebet's ceremonious address. "Am I a stranger to you, that you should call me 'your worship?' Have you not a kinder name for me?"

Ershebet was confused; but the look which she cast at Akosh expressed so much affection and joy, that the latter, kissing her hand, continued: "Call me your Akosh! call me your son! for that is the title I covet most."

"My dear Akosh!—my son!—if you will have it so," said Mrs. Ershebet, with tears in her eyes. "You are good, you are generous, Akosh. No man in this world is so deserving of Vilma's love: and yet you can have no idea what a treasure the girl really is!"

Vilma embraced her mother, while Akosh kissed her hand; and his soul was moved as he thought of his own mother.

"Is it not too childish?" said Mrs. Ershebet, at length. "I weep with joy when I see you both, and feel the happiness which you might find in your love; but I forget how many obstacles there are between the present moment and that in which I may call you really and truly my son. Dearest child," continued Mrs. Ershebet, "you had better tell them to take the things away:" and, when Vilma had left the room, she pressed Rety's hand, and said,

with a trembling voice: "Akosh! I implore you, make my child happy!"

Akosh was silent; but he pressed her hand, and his eyes filled with tears.

"You cannot know — you cannot think — how devotedly the girl loves you! and if she were deceived; if she ——"

"Do you think me so mean, so utterly abandoned, as to make myself unworthy of Vilma's love?"

"No, my dear Akosh! not by any means!" said Mrs. Ershebet, with great composure. "If I did not respect you so much, surely there would be no need of this conversation; nor would I, for the first time in my life, disobey my husband's commands. I would not receive you in my house if I were not convinced of your noble and generous nature. But, Akosh, you are rich — you have a grand future before you; and it is this which makes me anxious. Look at all the great families whom you know, and tell me how many there are with whom real love and real happiness dwell? Your life offers a thousand enjoyments — a thousand temptations: it is full of purpose and splendour; glory and popularity surround you. Have you the strength to keep your heart undivided amidst so many objects? For to be happy, Vilma wants your whole heart. The fragments of a hus-

band's love cannot satisfy her. And besides," continued Mrs. Ershebet, when Akosh had done his best to convince her of the immutability of his love, "have you thought of all the objections which others may raise?"

"I shall be twenty-four in a few weeks, and consequently independent. My mother's property, of which I am already possessed, is enough to keep my wife and me; and if my father *were* to quarrel with me, I do not care. I prefer Vilma's love to all!"

"I believe you, dear Akosh," said Mrs. Ershebet; "but what will Tengelyi say? He is good and loving; but when he takes it into his head that something is opposed to his principles, no power on earth can make him yield."

"Except the power of love," said Akosh.

"No, not even that: Jonas never loved any thing or anybody as he does me; may God bless him for it! and still I cannot obtain any thing from him that is opposed to his convictions."

"Yes; but can it be against his principles to see his daughter happy? may we not hope for his blessing? As for *my* father, why should we despair of *his* consent? Nobody knows him better than Vandory does, and he told me over and over again that my father is sure to yield."

Mrs. Ershebet's fears were dispelled. Akosh told her that he intended to take Vilma to his new residence, in a neighbouring county, where she need not come into contact with his mother-in-law. Mrs. Ershebet, to whom he explained the whole arrangement of the house, rose up as her daughter entered, and pressed her to her heart.

"So, my children," said Mrs. Ershebet, taking Akosh and Vilma by the hand, "be true and constant in your love, and God will not allow you to be separated. You see Jonas and me; we had many difficulties to contend with; but we overcame them. Come, my dears," continued the good woman, kissing Vilma's forehead, "speak to each other now, and say all you have to say, for God knows when you will meet again."

"Vilma," said Akosh, taking the blushing girl by the hand, "your eyes were filled with tears when I came. Why did you weep?"

"Oh! you will laugh at me! I am a weak, frightened girl; we were all anxious about you; and when I saw you safe ——"

"My angel, how happy you make me with your love! When I look into your eyes, and see their loving gaze fixed upon me; and when I hear your sweet voice; when I press your hand to my lips, and

think that this hand is to be mine — that within a short time perhaps you are to be truly, wholly mine, I feel as in a dream, or as if some misfortune *must* happen to us, for I cannot conceive it possible for human beings to be so thoroughly happy!"

"For God's sake take care!" cried Vilma. "You are bold and careless of danger. You shun nobody; but you ought to think of *us*. My mother, too, was greatly frightened to-night."

"On account of my staying away?"

"Certainly! and on account of the fog. We thought you had met with some accident in the swamps of St. Vilmosh."

"If there are no greater dangers than those of the Dustbury road, you may be easy," replied Akosh, smiling. "There is not at present water enough in the swamps of St. Vilmosh to drown a child; and my only danger to-night was one which certainly does no credit to me — I lost my way. The fog was so dense that I was hopelessly lost; and perhaps I should still be erring in the wilderness but for the sound of hoofs, which I heard at a distance. I turned my horse in the direction of the sound; but when I approached the horseman, he went off in a gallop. I followed, and we made a race of it, in which he beat me. At last I saw a light, and found

myself at the entrance of the village. I presume the man, who belonged to the village, mistook me for a robber. Thank goodness I met him, for without him I had no chance of finding my way."

"But how will you return?" said Vilma, anxiously. "My mother tells me that you intend going back this very night."

"Of course I must, unless I wish my expedition to be known at Dustbury. I have tied my horse to the garden gate. At midnight I must take to the saddle, and the dawn of morning finds me in the council-house. But I promise you I will not lose my way this time; and —— but really things cannot remain as they are! This state of uncertainty is unbearable. I will speak to your father."

"Beware!" cried Vilma. "We cannot hope for my father's consent until your father gives his."

"But I know my father will approve of my choice. I will open my heart to him. I will tell him how dearly I love you, and that I cannot be happy without you. I will tell him that to live with you is bliss; but that to live away from you is worse than hell. And if I tell him all this, asking for his blessing and nothing else, trust me he will not refuse it. Oh, Vilma! we are sure to be happy!"

Vilma did not withdraw her hand, which Akosh seized; nor did she speak to confirm her lover in his hopes; but there was a heaven of joy in the look which she cast upon him.

"Yes, Vilma, we are sure to be happy. I have spoken to your mother, and explained everything. I have a home not far from here — it was my mother's property; and my father gave it into my hands. I have had the garden put to rights. The rooms of the little house are comfortably furnished — it is there we will live. Of course your father and mother go with us."

"And Mother Liptaka," said the girl, smiling with gladness, "she is so fond of us."

"Yes, she shall go; and Vandory is sure to come often to see us."

"Oh, he is sure to come. We will get him a large arm-chair to sit in when he comes, and we will send for a glass of fresh water from the well. Oh, it will be so beautiful. And did you not say there was a garden?"

"There is a large garden, full of roses!"

"Oh, roses!" cried Vilma, clapping her hands, "and when you come back from the hunt, or from Dustbury or Tissaret, and when I hear your horse's hoofs I will come to meet you, with roses in my

hair and in my hands. I will fill your room with them. Oh, happiness!"

"Vilma!" cried Akosh, seizing her hands, and covering them with kisses, "can you think — can you believe — can you dream how happy we shall be?"

Vilma withdrew her hands, and sighed. "Who knows whether all this is to be?" muttered she.

"To be?" cried Akosh, again pressing her hands to his lips, "God vouchsafes us the sight of such bliss; He gives us a deep conviction that without this bliss our life is a curse; how, then, can you doubt?"

Vilma trembled. "Akosh!" said she, "your hands are feverish. I am sure you are ill. Pray be calm."

"Oh, Vilma, do not withdraw your hand! do not treat me as you would a stranger! Call me your love — say you are mine!"

Vilma blushed.

"Oh, tell me that you love me! tell me that you will never leave me, whatsoever may happen! tell me that you are mine own!"

"Your *own!*" whispered Vilma; and Akosh caught the trembling girl in his arms, and his first kiss burned on her lips.

At that moment the sound of a heavy fall, followed by a stifled groan, came from the next room. There was a tramp of feet, and all was quiet again. Vilma screamed, and sprang from her lover's embrace. Mrs. Ershebet, who had been asleep in her arm-chair, rose; and Akosh, seizing a candle, hastened to the door of the apartment.

Tzifra and the Jew, who had planned to rob the notary's house in the course of the night, and whose conversation had been overheard by Peti, had no idea of young Rety's presence. When all was quiet in the village they made their way to the house. They found the door of the kitchen locked, and the windows dark, for the shutters of that one room in which there was a light were closed. The Jew placed Tzifra as a sentinel at the gate, and commenced his operations by opening the outer door of Tengelyi's room. Having effected an entry, he produced a small lamp, lighted it, and prepared to unlock the iron safe. He did indeed hear the conversation in the next room, but he continued his work with great equanimity, because he fancied that the speakers were Mrs. Ershebet and Vandory, and because he was resolved to use his knife if they should happen to surprise him. The safe was opened. The papers and a bag of money were in his hands, and

he was on his way to the door, when he felt himself seized by the throat.

"Hands off from the papers, you thief!" whispered the man who held him. The Jew thought of Tzifra; but the dying glare of the lamp, which had fallen to the floor, displayed to him the features of Viola.

When Peti informed him of the intended robbery, the outlaw hastened to the notary's house to watch it. He had no means of preventing the execution of the theft. His own life was forfeited to the law, and if he had attacked the thief before the crime was committed, the latter might have called for help, his own life would have been endangered, and the Jew might at any other time have carried out his project. Viola waited therefore until the Jew had entered the house, and sending Peti to the gate to watch Tzifra, he crept into the room, where he seized him in the act.

"Hands off the papers!" said Viola, "you're a dead man if you keep them."

Vainly did the Jew strive to shake off the iron grasp of his assailant. He tried to stab, but a blow from Viola's fist knocked him down. His fall alarmed the family. Viola took the papers and fled. Peti followed him. The Jew, still stunned from the effects of the blow which he had received, crawled

through the door; and when Akosh entered he saw nothing but the open safe, a bag of money, and Viola's bunda lying on the floor.

Akosh hastened to the door. In the yard he found the Jew lying on his back and calling for help. He stooped to raise him. At that moment a shot was fired, and Akosh fell bleeding to the ground.

Ershebet and Vilma, who had followed him, screamed out. The villagers hastened to the spot, and the smith next door saw, as he left his house, a man hastening by. He raised the shout of "Murder!" and pursued the fugitive.

CHAP. X.

late events at Tissaret had not yet transpired
stbury; and though Mr. Rety was any thing
eased with his son's absence (which he ascribed
itical reasons), still he looked with deep-felt
ction on the large crowd of his champions, who
im to the scene of the grand national fête.
who believe that great men are unmindful of
to whom they owe their elevation, would
e their opinion if they could have seen the kind
ven humble bearing of the sheriff. Nay, the
f that enthusiastic Cortes of St. Miklosh, who
he sheriff's foot, and who repeatedly exclaimed,
at a pity that we cannot carry that dear sheriff
one year's end to another!" was not only very
ing for Mr. Rety, but, considering the position
Cortes, it might be called a *wise* wish. Owing
great number of noblemen, the scene of the
n was laid in the court of the council-house.
the members of the holy crown remove their
from the hall to the yard, the arrangements

of what one might call the hustings are very much the same any where, no matter whether the piece is acted on the banks of the Danube or of the Theiss. A long table of rude workmanship is usually placed before the lord-lieutenant's chair; this table is as usually covered with any odd pieces of green baize that happ to be l in the council-house. The other parts of are filled with the hostile factions, and from ows of the council-house and other high places we d the fair and tender sex looking down on the scene f the great contest, where (without the assistance either steel or flint) the finest sparks of enthusiasm are struck from the eyes of noblemen; where the magistrates of the county are created, as the world was, out of Chaos; where the faces of so many assessors not only burn, but actually sweat for their principles; and where the patriot, in beholding the enthusiasm which causes such numbers to offer their services to the country, obtains the proud conviction that Hungary will never perish, at least not for want of functionaries.

The Dustbury election was as complete in its arrangements as the zealous care of the rival parties could make it, and there was, moreover, a company of soldiers for the express purpose of assisting the magistrates. This circumstance caused a few

of the older assessors to shake their heads with an air of great wisdom. But the young men, who were children of their time, were by no means astonished to see the bayonets, because they knew that soldiers were present at all the elections in the adjacent counties; and why should not Takshony have its soldiers as well as its betters? To cry out against the army was perfectly absurd!

The ceremonies of the election came off in due course. The lord-lieutenant addressed the assembly less (he said) for the purpose of enlightening them, than because he wished to give vent to his feelings and to those of his audience, who drowned his voice in deafening cheers. Rety too made a considerable display of oratorical talent in his farewell speech for himself and his brother magistrates; and, lastly, a provisional court was appointed for the suppression and punishment of any excesses that might be committed. This done, two deputations were sent off under the guidance of Baron Shoskuty and another magistrate in red and blue, for the purpose of collecting the votes, while the parties raised Bantornyi and Rety, and carried them — not without some mutual violence — out of the gate; the yard was left to his Excellency's private enjoyment, a benefit which he shared with three curates and an

old assessor. Even the ladies, eager to attend the birth of the new magistrates, and panting for the glory of the fight, turned to the opposite side of the council-house, whence they looked down upon the battle of the vote-collecting deputations.

The council-house, which was built in the form of a square, had, besides the front gate, two more gates at the sides of the building. They were each occupied by a deputation. The front entrance was closed, and the Cortes were invited to pass through either Bantornyi's or Rety's gate, as the case might be.

The county of Takshony had lately become a convert to the ballot, principally at Tengelyi's suggestion. The sight of the preparations for carrying out one of his favorite principles would have gladdened that good man's heart. A small table was placed close to the gate and round it sat Shoskuty, Slatzanek, Kishlaki, and — for the other party too was represented — the brother of the rival candidate. At some distance two screens were placed, and between them the table with the urn. Augustin Karvay and Mr. Skinner watched the gates, to prevent the approach of any unqualified persons. Mr. Catspaw joined the last-named party as a volunteer.

The assessors lighted their pipes; the gates were flung open, and the electors entered for the purpose

of secret voting. They, to a man, on seeing the deputation, shouted "Eljen Rety! Eljen Bantornyi!" a shout to which the Cortes outside replied with equal fervor; and the person entering having then done his duty as a nobleman, retired behind the screens to give his vote.

"Nothing in the world so beautiful as this plan of secret voting," said Mr. James, taking his cigar and pushing off the ashes, while he shook the hand of an elector who had come up to the table with a thundering shout of "Eljen Bantornyi!" "If that contrivance could be introduced in England, they would have the most perfect constitution. The ballot, the ballot for ever! that's our cry; it makes a man feel so independent!"

"All this is very well," sighed Kishlaki; "but I wish to goodness they would not go on bawling in that heathenish way. My friend," said he, interrupting one of the Cortes in his shout of "Eljen Rety!" "don't roar so loud. It's secret voting, you know!"

"Of course, so it is! Vivat the Sheriff Rety!" And he disappeared behind the screens.

"I really *do* beg your pardon," said Kishlaki, rising; "but this must be stopped. It's a mere farce, you know."

"But who *can* dictate to the feelings of our dear noble friends?" cried Shaskay; "it's natural that they should vent them at such a moment, and they do vent them, and ——"

"Very well, let them give vent to their feelings; but what the deuce are the screens for? Besides, they are continually being kicked over."

Shaskay remarked that the screens were placed there by the express order of the magistrates.

"Then let the worshipful magistrates know that they have decreed the thing which cannot be done!" cried Kishlaki. "These fellows roar all the louder for being allowed to roar singly; they vie in showing the strength of their lungs. We shan't come to the end of this kind of thing; and here's a precious cold draught, let me tell you."

"But, begging your pardon," interposed Mr. James, "is there any harm in these people shouting a name? They may still give their secret vote behind the screen. *Quite independent, you know.*"

"Ay, indeed; but ——"

"I say," continued Mr. James, "how the deuce can they see for whom we vote, no matter what name they may cry?"

"But the names of the two candidates are written on the urns: now if a man can't read, how is *he* to

vote? I have seen ten of them at least who I know never knew a letter. Hollo, Pishta!" cried Kishlaki, stopping the man who was just walking to the screens; "do you know your letters?" And Pishta replied, with great pride, "I do not read before the Lord our God."

"But then you *can* read!" suggested Shoskuty. "You do not read because you don't choose; but you could if you would?"

"No, I never learnt it. I am none of your Slowak students; neither did my grandfather learn it in his time."

"I told you so!" cried Kishlaki, triumphantly; and addressing the Cortes, "What urn did you throw your ball in?"

"The right-hand one!" replied the Cortes, adjusting his bunda. "Any thing to please my judge. Eljen Bantornyi!"

"This man came to vote for Bantornyi, and you see, gentlemen, he has voted for Rety," said Kishlaki, with great satisfaction. "Now I ask whether this sort of thing is to continue?"

"It is very extraordinary!" sighed Mr. James; while Slatzanek, stroking his moustache, protested that accidents would happen.

"Accidents, indeed! let us have another look at these accidents. Can you read?"

"No."

"And you?"

"God forbid!"

"And you?"

"I learnt but ——"

"And you

"A little!"

Mr. Shaskay, who seemed greatly amused by these questions, and the answers which they elicited, said he hoped Mr. Kishlaki was now satisfied that the illiterate were in the majority; and James hastened to the gate, where he implored every new comer to vote for his brother. But Shoskuty, desirous to carry out the resolution of the county magistrates, placed two assessors behind the screens for the purpose of explaining the names on the urns to the voters.

The ballot was being proceeded with on this improved and practical principle, when Tengelyi, accompanied by Kalman Kishlaki and others, approached the gate. A single look showed him the absurdity of the proceedings. "How, in the name of Heaven," said he, addressing Shoskuty, "can you, dare you, allow this gross violation of the county law?"

"Violation!" cried Shoskuty. "What violation? What do you mean, sir?"

"Did not the county magistrates give an order that the voting should be secret?"

"And because they gave that order, sir, we obey that order, sir! Or do you think, sir, that we sit here for the mere joke of the thing? What are the screens for, I should like to know? Secret voting, indeed! What do you call this, sir? Hasn't the draught given me a cold already? and how dare you say, sir, that I violate my instructions?"

"You cannot go on in this manner!" said Tengelyi, with great warmth; "I'll speak to the lord-lieutenant. This election is null and void."

"Hold you tongue, sir notary!" cried Slatzanek, angrily; "don't you mistake this place for one of your alehouse clubs. You may give your vote if you please, and for whom you please, but we won't be lectured, and, least of all, by the like of *you*."

"Stop, sir!" cried Kalman. "Tengelyi is right. There can be no secret voting in the presence of two people."

"I thought so too," said old Kishlaki, "but the majority ——"

"Sir, I *do* pray ——"

"*Rogo humillime* ——"

"I say ——"

"*I* am going to explain it!" cried Slatzanek, Shoskuty, and another assessor; but Shoskuty's shrill voice overcrowed them, and the baron said:—

"My dear young sir, I *do* pray you will consider what your honoured father was pleased to observe just now, namely, that the majority of this deputation are agreed on all the arrangements of this ballot, and that it is quite ridiculous to talk of errors or faults. And besides, are you not aware that no act is valid in Hungary without the *testimonium legale* of two magistrates? Very well, then, the gentlemen behind the screen will—if need be—prove that the Cortes gave secret votes—*absque irâ et studio*—quite independent."

Kalman laughed. Tengelyi spoke, though no one listened, of the sanctity of the laws, and the proceedings came to a stand-still. Mr. Skinner, to whom Catspaw had whispered, advanced, and, seizing Tengelyi by the collar, said, "Be off, sir; you have no business here, not being a nobleman!"

The astonishment which these few words created was prodigious. Shoskuty wrung his hands; Shaskay sighed and looked up to heaven; Slatzanek looked fierce and scornful; and old Kishlaki, who felt most for Tengelyi, exclaimed, "Did I ever!

—no, I never!" Saying which he fell back into his chair.

Tengelyi's face was purple with rage; but the justice, addressing the deputation, said, "Strange though it may seem to you, gentlemen, this man is not noble; I move that he shall not be allowed to vote."

Tengelyi had meanwhile regained his self-possession. "And who," said he, "is there to prove that I am not noble?"

"*Onus probandi semper privato incumbit!*" said the recorder.

"Of course it does!" cried Shoskuty. "*Incumbit privato,* which means you must give us proof of your noble descent, or you may go and be —— for all I care. Noble descent is proved ——"

The worthy baron's memory failed him, and the recorder resumed the argument.

"Have you a royal donation, sir, the 'Armales,' or have you an authentic Transsumtum, or the Statuaries with the clause 'Cum nos,' or, at least, according to Verbötzi I. 6., the receipts for the quartalitium?"

"Why," said Tengelyi, pettishly, "there is not a man in all Hungary who can give such satisfactory proofs of his noble descent as I can, but——"

"Very good sir; give them!" cried the recorder. "Perhaps you claim a prescriptive right; but that too must be proved with documents. You prove it with extracts from baptismal registers, royal grants of land — come sir, give us something of the kind!"

"My papers are in my house."

"Then bring them here. As soon as you bring those documents we will admit you to the vote," said the recorder, with a sneer.

"Of course," cried Shoskuty. "Show us your papers!"

"But I always enjoyed the privileges of a nobleman; I always paid my contributions to their rates."

"*Fraus et dolus nemini opitulatur!*" cried Shaskay. "Why did you not register your patent in the county?"

"Because no one ever doubted of my nobility," said the notary, trembling with passion. "Because I stood for a justice seat, and was actually appointed to a notariat."

"It's a good thing for a man to have his patent properly registered," said the recorder: "if you had been more cautious, you would have avoided this awkward inquiry. But your having pretended or been appointed to a post of honor cannot decide any thing. It's not legal evidence. Are there not

plenty of instances of the recorders having neglected their duties, by allowing the number of noblemen to increase in the said illegal manner, to the no slight detriment and prejudice of the tax-paying population?"

The notary found it impossible to repress the feelings of scorn which the recorder's last words called forth. "Ay, ay, sir," said he, "you are indeed a generous man. What a blessing to the tax-payers if they could always have you for an advocate!"

"Dont stand losing your time!" cried Shoskuty; "tell them to go on with the ballot, and let Mr. Tengelyi send for his documents."

"I insist on giving my vote," said Tengelyi. "A nobleman cannot lose his rights on the ground of an information; and pending the proceedings I have a right to my present position."

"Mr. Tengelyi is right," said a young solicitor; "the act of ——"

"De 21 Julii 1785?" added the recorder, shaking his head. "The said bill enacts that while the inquiry on the nobility cujuscunque is pending, the defendant is to remain in his former position."

"Which means in the fourth estate, which is the notary's case until he procures his documents," suggested Slatzanek.

"I have always passed for a nobleman — have I not?" said Tengelyi, turning round upon Mr. Catspaw. "You ought to know, for you have known me these thirty years."

"All I can say," said the little attorney, rubbing his hands, "is that my worshipful master, the sheriff, has always treated Mr. Tengelyi as he would a nobleman; but then all the world knows that my master is a most *charitable* gentleman, though indeed he gets no thanks for his goodness. I never saw Mr. Tengelyi's documents. His patent is not registered. To tell you the truth, he came from some distant place; and there are cases in which ——"

"Knock him down! kick him out!" roared the crowd; and Karvay, whose voice was most conspicuous in the general confusion, advanced and seized Tengelyi.

"Come on, any man who is tired of his life!" cried Kalman, taking his stand in front of the old man. "Tengelyi is my friend; and whoever touches him is a dead man, even if he had as many lives as a cat!"

The gallant Captain Karvay retreated almost as quickly as he had advanced. Kishlaky hastened to his son's side, and reminded him of his alliance with the Rety party. Baron Shoskuty spoke with great

energy about the sanctity of the place; and the recorder was heard to pronounce the ominous word "Actio."

But Kalman was not the man to be either cajoled or intimidated; and old Kishlaky himself would have been at a loss to say whether he wept tears of joy or of sorrow when his generous son exclaimed:

"What alliances? what do I care for engagements? they are nothing to the duty which I owe to every honest man and to myself! I cannot, and I will not, allow anybody to be treated with injustice, if I can help it!"

"But, *domine spectabilis*, I must humbly implore you to consider that this is the council-house!" groaned Shaskay.

"Thank you for reminding me of it!" roared Kalman. "This house — yes! it was built for the maintenance of public order and safety, and it is here that honest men are in danger of being knocked down. Men come here to seek justice, but, confound you all! they don't find it. We look for judges and find cudgels. God knows, to look at you all, one would fancy that this place is a robbers' den!"

"D—n him, he abuses us!" cried a leader of the Cortes. "He attacks the nobility. Actio! Actio!" And the crowd roared, "Actio! Actio!"

"Actio? Very well, you worshipful gentlemen!" sneered Kalman; "make it an action if you please, and put it on record that it is enough in the county of Takshony for such a fellow"—here he pointed at Mr. Skinner—"to calumniate an honest man, to rob the latter of all his rights." And flinging his ring on the table, he took Tengelyi's arm.

"Come along, dear sir. I myself will drive you to Tissaret. I promise you I will bring you back before the day is over."

The noble mob groaned, and Slatzanek said to Kishlaki, "If Mr. Kalman is not elected, you will not accuse us, I am sure." Old Kishlaki sighed.

CHAP. XI.

THE notary's house was now indeed the abode of care and sorrow. Young Rety's wound was not dangerous, for only his arm was hurt; and at his own entreaty, and with Vandory's consent, he had that very night been removed to the Castle: but the theft, Vilma's state of excitement and despondency, and the consciousness of having disobeyed her husband's orders in receiving Akosh in her house,—all this plunged Mrs. Ershebet into the lowest depth of misery and remorse. The whole place was in confusion. Vilma had gone to bed; and the servants ran to and fro, scared and gossiping. Mother Liptaka was scarcely able to reply to and send away the crowd of curious inquirers who entered the house, thus adding to its confused and cheerless aspect. Vandory was the only friend the family had; and it was owing to his gentle persuasion that Vilma became gradually calmer, and that even Mrs. Ershebet mustered up some courage against her husband's return. Vandory had been sent for immediately after the accident, and

he had not left the house since. He examined the safe, and ascertained the loss of his own papers and of most of Tengelyi's. He knew, therefore, the extent of his loss; but his pious confidence, and his firm conviction that God will not abandon the righteous, imparted itself to those who surrounded him, and shielded poor Ershebet from despair.

"She is asleep," said she, entering the room in which Vandory sat; "the poor girl is asleep. Oh, God! what will Jonas say when he sees her looking so pale! When he left us she was fresh and blooming; and now ——"

"Vilma will be all right before Tengelyi comes home. Akosh has given orders that none of the people of the house are to go to Dustbury; you need not expect your husband until the election is over."

"Oh, I am miserable! I am ruined!"

"Now pray be calm, my dear Mrs. Ershebet," said Vandory, taking her hands. "Rety's wound is not dangerous; and the loss of the papers is not so serious a matter as you seem to think. They will be restored."

"Perhaps; but my husband's confidence — will that, too, be restored? I have lost his love, his respect — in short, I am ruined! How often did he

not intreat me, 'Pray do not allow Akosh to come to our house! Do not allow him to speak to Vilma, — the girl's peace of mind and her honour are at stake!' And I promised to — but I did not obey!"

"It is a sad case; but I know Tengelyi is kind; he will pardon you: I know he will. And do not be concerned about your daughter's reputation. Vilma and Akosh are betrothed. Who knows but that his wound will be of use to him? for neither the Retys nor Jonas can oppose the marriage after this."

"Oh, these Retys!" sobbed Mrs. Ershebet.

"These Retys! dearest Mrs. Ershebet. I am afraid you take them to be worse than they really are. Rety is weak, but good and kind; and his wife —— can there be any *woman* who would not, after such an event, urge her son to act the part of an honest man?"

"And to consider," said Mrs. Ershebet, "that it is Viola who did all this to us, and that we took pity on his wife and children when no one else would pity them!"

"I have my doubts whether it was Viola."

"There can be no doubt. When the Jew recovered, he told us that, passing our house on his way to his home, he saw our gate open; and, knowing that

my husband was at Dustbury, he thought that something must be wrong; he entered for the purpose of inquiring whether my husband had come back. At that very moment Viola left the room with his booty; and, meeting the Jew, he knocked him down. The smith, who went in pursuit of the robber, tells me the man whom he saw was Tzifra, one of Viola's men: and the Liptaka, too, has confessed that Viola was in the village, and even in her house. — There can be no doubt. — Besides, you may ask the Jew, who is still suffering from Viola's violence."

"The Jew is a liar!" said a female voice in the room. Mrs. Ershebet and Vandory turned round, and saw Viola's wife, Susi, who had entered during the latter part of their conversation. "Ay," continued Susi, "it is I who say it. Viola did not steal in this house; he'd never do it, though he were to live for a hundred years!"

"Thank God that it is so!" said Vandory, who was loth to lose his faith in his fellow-creatures. He was happy to see the effect which Susi's words produced on Mrs. Ershebet.

"Trust me, so it is!" cried Susi. "Viola is a poor, ruined man, driven from house and home, hunted from place to place like a wild beast; but I

know that he has not done this. Cut him to pieces! — tear his heart out! — you will never find him ungrateful!"

"You are right, Susi," said Mrs. Ershebet; "you are right in taking your husband's part, for you have vowed to be his own for better and for worse; and I, too, wish I could believe you; but it is in vain. Everything is against him; and — I do not mean to hurt you, my good woman; but you know your husband is a robber."

The words were repented almost as soon as spoken. Vandory said something to calm the poor woman's mind; but Susi advanced, and, leaning her arms on the table, stood with a flushed and frowning face. "Yes," said she, "Viola *is* a robber; you are right: I *am* a robber's wife. They know it in the village; they know it in the county. A reward has been offered for his capture. The very children in the streets know it. But when the Day of Judgment comes, and when God appears visibly to our eyes, with His Son at His right hand, and all the angels round him, and when He judges our crimes, do you think He will call Viola to account for being a robber? No, He will not. He will enter into judgment with those who *forced* him to be a robber —with those who punished him before he was guilty.

God is just. He cares not who is rich and who is poor. He looks into our heart; and I know that Viola is pure before his God!"

The Liptaka, who entered in that moment, overheard Susi's last words. "You are right, my child," said she: "trust in God, who will not abandon you."

"Oh, you bid me trust in God!" said Susi, gloomily. "You've told me that at least a hundred times, and, indeed, what would poor people come to, if they did *not* trust in God? But when I think of our misfortunes, and when I see that we are suspected by everybody, and that the honestest people —such as the curate and Mrs. Tengelyi— believe that my husband would injure his greatest benefactors, why then, you see, my good angel leaves me, and there is a voice that whispers in my ear that there is no God for the poor!"

"Fye, Susi!" said the Liptaka. "It is written that 'it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The poor, of all men, ought not to doubt God's goodness, for His Son chose His disciples from among our number. And suppose Mrs. Tengelyi said bitter things, you ought to consider that she did all she could for you. The best of

us are unjust when we suffer; even my own husband—may God give him eternal rest!—suspected Peti, the gipsy, when they stole our cow. Bear your cross humbly with your Saviour."

"Aye, but He was the Son of God! and I am but a sinful child; and besides, can you, can anybody know what I have suffered? I was a poor orphan. My father and mother died when I was a child, and if you had not taken me to your house, I'd have perished, as many children do who have no mother to take care of them. But you, God bless you! brought me up, and there wasn't a merrier girl in the village than I was. O, though my sweet mother died when I was born, yet you loved me as much as she would have done, I'm sure!"

Vandory and Ershebet were silent; the eyes of the Liptaka filled with tears.

"Yes, I was a merry girl!" said Susi. I didn't think I could be happier, and I thanked God for my happiness. But this was not all. It is since I knew Viola that I know what it is to have a heaven on earth. At first I did not think that a man such as he could love me. Viola was wealthy. He had inherited a fine farm from his father. Next to the notary's, his house was the finest in the village; he had splendid cattle,—how then could I, poor

orphan, expect him to love me? When I was rea
ing the harvest in the field, and he stopped l
my side with his four beasts, and helped me
tie up the corn,—or at the Theiss, when he fill
my pails,—or at weddings, when he brought r
bunches of rosemary, I said to myself, 'Viola
good, ay, very good and kind;' but I never thoug
that he would marry me, and I prayed that su
proud thoughts might be kept out of my mind. B
when he called at Christmas, and asked me wheth
I loved him, and when I did not reply to that, b
looked down, and he took me in his arms and sa
that he would marry me in the spring, oh! it w
then I felt giddy with happiness, and I fancied t
angels of heaven must envy my joy!"

"Poor, poor woman!" said Mrs. Ershebet, dryi
her tears.

"A proud woman I was then!" cried Susi, "a
a proud woman indeed, and a happy one! T
whole world seemed to me one large marriage feas
my happiness took away my breath, and I cou
have wept at any moment. But that was nothi
to my happiness in my husband's house, and wh
our first child was born, and we had to take care
our little Pishta. Oh! and God blessed our hou
and our fields; and our cattle were healthy, and o

wheat was the finest in the county. There's many a bride enters her husband's house with a happy heart; but I, proud woman, thought each day more blessed than the last, nor did I ever think of my wedding-day, I was so happy!"

Her heart was oppressed with the reminiscences of the past. For some moments she did not speak; and when she continued, it was with a hoarse and low voice, as though that breast of hers had not breath enough to tell the tale of her woe.

"And then, you see," said she, "it breaks my heart to think that all is lost now. We were not overbearing in our happiness. We never offended anybody. My husband paid his taxes and rates, and served his fifty-two robot-days; he was kind to the poor—ay, very good and kind, for God had blessed us. He was wealthy; but then he was but a peasant, and among the gentry there were those that hated him. The attorney — may the Lord find him!" said Susi, shaking her fist, "*he* hated my husband, for he was the speaker of the other peasants when they had a complaint to make. And the justice too swore he'd have his revenge, for he wanted to go after me; but I, as an honest woman, told him to leave my house, as it was my duty to do. I was always anxious lest something might come of it, though my

husband told me we had no reason to fear either the attorney or the justice, so long as he did his duty. But the gentry plot together, and a poor man's innocence cannot protect him from their revenge. It's now two years since I was brought to bed with a little daughter. Early that morning I was in a bad way: — my husband was with me, and so were you, Liptaka, when the attorney sent to us — I think the midwife had told him about the way I was in — to order Viola to take four horses to the Castle, and drive my lady to Dustbury. My husband spoke to the haiduk; he said he could not go that day, and that his horses had done more service that year than those of any of the other peasants; but that he would be glad to go any other day. And we thought all was well; but the haiduk came back, saying that my husband must do his duty, and that he *must* come, for that he had the best horses in the village. Viola was angry, but I entreated him to send the servant with the horses, which he did, though reluctantly, because he did not like to trust them with a stranger. But my travail had just begun, when the haiduk came back with the servant, saying that Viola must come, for my lady was afraid of anybody else driving. And

Viola saw my sufferings, and knew that I wanted him to be near me; he said they might do as they pleased, it was enough that he had sent the horses, and he wouldn't stir from the spot — no! not for the king's own son. But the haiduk said, he'd do the same if it was his own case; yet, for all that, he would advise my husband to go, considering that the justice was at the Castle, who had sworn an oath that he'd have him brought up per force; so he'd better look to the end of it. Now my husband *is* violent, and at times obstinate; he sent word to the justice that he had done his robot for that year, and he wouldn't go to save his soul from perdition. The haiduk went away, and after that I know not what happened, for I got so faint I could neither hear nor see; but the neighbours and the Liptaka tell me that the justice came with his men, cursing and abusing Viola, whom they bound, while I lay bereft of my senses, and dragged him to the Castle!"

"It's quite true!" cried the Liptaka; "yes! it's quite true. I followed them as they led Viola away. It was a fearful sight, I tell you; he refused to walk, and cast himself on the ground; he was so angry! and Mr. Skinner dragged him away as you would a pig. Every body was horrified, and all the people

from the village wept and followed them, though none dared to help him. But we wept in our minds, and murmured when they beat him, poor innocent fellow! because he would not walk—for beat him they did with sticks and fokosh, while the judge walked along with many fearful oaths and threats. And when we came to the house, the justice examined the haiduk before us, asking him whether he had been at Viola's, and told him that he was summoned to service, and what Viola had said, and Lord knows what besides! and at last he said, 'I'll tie you up for it, my fine fellow!' and sent for the deresh*; for he said, 'I'll serve you out for contempt of the county.' And he said, 'Lash him to the deresh.' Now Viola stood among the Pandurs; and though I were to live a hundred years, I'd never forget what a sight it was when he stood in the yard, with his head and face covered with blood, and his lips blue with biting them! They had untied his hands to lash him down; and when he was in the yard, he tore away from the haiduks and made a leap like a lion, shouting, 'Stand back, every man of you!' And they stood back; but that incarnate devil, Skinner, cursed them, and swore he'd kill them if they did not tie him down. They made a rush to seize him.

* See Note XIII.

But Viola caught up an axe which had been used for woodcutting, and which the devil put in his way. He seized the axe and spun it round, and two of the fellows fell weltering in their blood. Oh! and he raised the bloody axe, and rushing through them, he ran home, got a horse, and rode off to the St. Vilmosh forest. One of the men he had struck died of his wounds, and Viola has been an outlaw ever since."

"And a robber ever since that day!" cried Susi, wringing her hands. "May God bless you, Mrs. Tengelyi, for what you did for me and my poor children! I'll go now and try to find my husband. If he knows aught of the stolen things, or if he can trace them, you need not fear: Mr. Tengelyi shall not lose his property."

"What are you about?" said Mrs. Ershebet; "do you think I will let you go in this way?"

"Don't be afraid!" cried Susi, with a bitter smile. "I'm sure to come back! I leave you my children; and though I *am* a robber's wife, trust me, I'll never leave my children."

"I did not mean *that*, Susi," replied Mrs. Ershebet, holding out her hand; "but you are still in bad health, and to walk about in this cold weather cannot be good for you."

"Thank you, but I'm pretty well now. The air

of the heath will do me good. But stay here I cannot. You suspect Viola; I know you do. The Jew accuses him, and so do others. He was in the village — there's no denying that! His bunda has been found in this room. Everything is against him, and people cannot know that it was quite impossible for him to do that of which they accuse him. It's a dark matter, but I will have it cleared up. I'd die if I were to remain here and listen to all the horrid things they are sure to speak of my husband." And Susi turned to leave the room.

"Poor woman!" sighed Mrs. Ershebet. "She, at least, deserves a better fate!"

Susi had reached the door, but when she heard these words she turned round and cried. "A better fate? Trust me, if I were to be born again, and if I were to know all that has happened to Viola, still I would not have another husband. If they hang him, I'll sit down under the gallows, thanking God that I was his wife. There is not such another heart on the earth as his. But, adieu! and may God bless you!"

"I am sure," said Vandory, looking after her, "that Viola had no hand in this matter. A man who goes on for eight years loving his wife in this manner cannot act meanly and disgracefully!"

He had scarcely said these words when Tengelyi entered the room, exclaiming, "Is it true that there has been a robbery committed here?"

"Ouly the safe was forced open," replied Mrs. Ershebet, trembling; "the other parts of ——"

"The safe? Give me the keys! Where are the keys?"

"I dare say they are in your desk. But the safe is open."

Tengelyi hastened up to the place, and throwing open the lid, he bent down and turned the papers about, while his wife and Vandory stood by silent and anxious. The fearful contraction of his features showed them the extent of his loss. At length he rose, and throwing himself back in his chair, he covered his face with his hands. "I am lost!" muttered he. "My papers are gone — I am a ruined man!"

Mrs. Ershebet and Vandory did all in their power to take off the first sharp edge of his sorrow; but what they said was unheeded by him.

"Right? It's all right," said Tengelyi; "the papers only are lost, are they? Oh! I know it. You found the money all safe — it lay here close to the door — did it not? But do you know, woman,

that we are no longer noble! We and our children are not noble! We are peasants! — things to be despised, to be kicked, to be trodden under foot, things that have no property, and that can have no merits, things like those which inhabit the hovels around us. They are not aliens, because they were born here; but still they have no rights, no property, and no country!" And, turning to Vandory, the notary told him all that had happened at Dustbury; adding, "Now you know it all. They ask for proofs of my noble descent. I came from another county; my father, in his position as a curate, had little cause to care for his nobility; nobody ever doubted my rights, and I thought it was quite superfluous to have my title proclaimed in this county; and now my papers and patents are lost! Alas! my poor son!"

"Jonas," said Vandory, "you know that I too have had a loss. You know the extent of that loss, and how likely it is to affect those things which I care most about in this world. You understand me! But let us place our trust in God."

"You have no children! Is there any son of yours the worse off for what you have lost?"

"I understand you, and believe me I feel for you. My sympathy would certainly be greater, if you

were indeed deprived of your rights as a nobleman. But is there no hope? Those papers are of no use to him who stole them. He will send and ask a certain price for them. But suppose he did not, cannot you prove that your papers were stolen, and that you and your father enjoyed all the privileges of nobility? Besides, you can make an appeal to the king's grace."

"The king's grace for *me*, a poor village notary?"

"Why not? If we do not find your papers, I myself will go to Vienna. I will kneel before the king's majesty, and state the case to him. The county is sure to send a petition, and I'll tell the king that you have a family, and that you are wretched for their sake. God has made the king so rich and so powerful—he has surely given him a feeling heart, and a sense of pity and compassion for those that suffer."

"Friend," said Tengelyi, impatiently, "you are as mad as any optimist I ever met with. The county, you say, is sure to petition in my favour? Don't you see that there is a purpose in this robbery?—that it is part of a plot to ruin me? and of a plot, too, which those very gentlemen have made who, you fondly believe, are sure to petition in my favour?

Or do you think it's chance that my noble descent, which no one ever doubted, is publicly denied at the very time that my papers are stolen? Or was the composition of the commission accidental? Or was it an accident that no one told me I should be called upon to prove my nobility? Is all this mere chance and accident? Oh! you would not say so, if you had seen that fellow Catspaw as he stood by the table sneering at me! I am a victim to their diabolical plots! Viola is but their tool. I'm down, never to rise again!"

"For God's sake, Jonas!" cried Mrs. Ershebet, seizing her husband's hand; "my heart is ready to break when I see you thus desponding. Think of the past! — think of all our sorrows and troubles! — did we not often all but despair, when ——"

Tengelyi's face bore the impress of the deepest agony. He pressed his wife's hand, and asked with a low and tremulous voice, — "What is it that has happened to Vilma?"

Her cheek grew pale, and her voice failed her.

"Ershebet!" gasped the notary; "what has become of my daughter?"

But Ershebet, scared by the expression of his face was silent. Vandory searched vainly for words to inform his friend of what had happened.

"I see!" said Tengelyi, pushing back her hand, which trembled in his. "They told me the truth — nothing but the truth! My daughter's honour is lost!"

Ershebet wept. Vandory said all he could say. He talked of young Rety's honourable intentions, — of the love of young people, — and that it was quite ridiculous to think of any violation of honour. Tengelyi stood pale and stern. His lips moved, but they had not a word of comfort for Mrs. Ershebet.

"Of course," murmured he, with a bitter smile,— "of course it's all arranged — it's all for the best; — no doubt of it;—I am to have back my nobility, and my daughter her honour. You, Vandory, you go to Vienna, and his majesty gives us all we demand. The king indeed is a fountain of honour, but do you think he can patch up a woman's reputation?"

Again Vandory attempted to demonstrate that there was no reason why Akosh should not have met Vilma in her mother's presence, and that he had sought the house with truly honourable intentions.

"But did he come to the house as an honourable man would?" asked Tengelyi; "did he not leave Dustbury in secret and in the dead of the night? Did he not tie his horse to the garden gate and creep

to my house just for all the world as if he were a thief? After this, who will be fool enough to believe in his honourable intentions?"

"The future will prove them," said Vandory, quietly. "Who will dare to speak against Vilma when she changes her name to Rety?"

"When she changes her name to Rety — that's it! isn't it, wife?" said Tengelyi, turning fiercely upon Ershebet; "and it is you who wish it, and it is you who I dare say are happy that things have happened as they did, and that Akosh is bound. But are you aware that you have worked your daughter's ruin? Are you aware that she will curse you for having sacrificed her happiness to your vanity? Is my daughter to be Lady Rety because she is dishonoured? because you have got Akosh in a corner. They'll scorn her in her husband's house! She will have no position, having lost the one which became her! She will be a slave! a wife by her husband's charity! To see her will remind him of his having been *bound* to marry her, but not of the love which made her his. I tell you, you have ruined your own child!"

Ershebet wept.

"Weep, wretched woman, weep!" continued Tengelyi, "though your tears cannot atone for your

offence. Was there ever a better child, or one more loving? and see what you have made of her! She was my pride; my heart became young when I saw her. I forgot the past. I might almost have loved mankind, because *she* was of their kind, and because they praised her. But now I must blush when her name is mentioned. I dare not raise my eyes, and am a criminal for no crime of my own!"

"For God's sake, pity me!" cried Mrs. Ershebet; "if you love me,—if you ever *did* love me, pity me!"

"If I ever *did* love you? God knows that I did! Did I ever speak an unkind word to you? did I not listen to your wishes? did I not tell you all my thoughts? and how did you requite me for all this love? I entreated you not to receive young Rety in my house, and you promised it, and, at that very moment, you thought of deceiving me. Akosh knew the day on which my command was to be infringed! You taught your daughter to deceive me. You waited for your guest in my absence. You trembled at the thought of my approach! This is what you did for all my love!"

"God sees my heart, Jonas. He knows that I do not deserve this!"

"Silence! don't speak to me unless you wish me

to curse the day on which I led you to the altar and brought you to this house!"

His violent speech was interrupted by Vilma, who, rushing into the room, threw herself at his feet.

"Father!" cried she.

He stood still. He looked at his daughter, and felt that his heart was indeed broken. All his passion was softened into grief. The hand which he had raised for a curse dropped, and rested on the head of his child.

"Can you pardon your own Vilma?" said the girl.

"Come to my heart!" cried Tengelyi, clasping her in his arms. He wept.

CHAP. XII.

YOUNG Rety's wound, as we have already stated, was by no means dangerous, the bullet having passed through his left arm without touching the bone. Indeed the young man was more than half ashamed of having fainted, though but for a moment, in consequence of so slight a wound. But the surgeon, who had been sent for from St. Vilmosh, and Vandory, insisted on his going to bed, on account of the fever which they expected to follow. We find Akosh Rety laid up and out of temper. Kalman was smoking his cigar by the bed; and Janosh, the old servant, was busy with sundry wet towels, which were being placed on the injured limb. Young Rety's rooms were large and comfortable. Papers and books lay on the tables, and the walls were hung with portraits of famous Englishmen, and of still more famous English horses; guns, swords, foils, and whips were heaped up in a corner, and a few foxes' brushes and ears showed that the former objects were not only ornamental, but also useful. Of course there was no lack of pipes, tobacco, and

cigars; in short, the room was a perfect bachelor's snuggery, even without the sofas and lounging chairs, which form so necessary, and, let us say, comfortable a feature in the *entourage* of a young Hungarian. But in spite of all these comforts, which were materially heightened by the bright fire in the grate, the two young men were sadly out of spirits. So much had happened since Akosh left Dustbury! Misfortune had sought him in the midst of his happiness; and Kalman, though far from regretting his defence of Tengelyi, felt that he had given fresh cause of offence to the Retys, and thus created another barrier between himself and Etelka. Janosh alone seemed to be in good spirits. He made his spurs jingle as he walked about the room in the discharge of his domestic duties; nor did his young master's moodiness affect him.

"I say, sir," said he at length, as he removed the bandages from Rety's arm.

"Take care! mind my arm!" cried Akosh.

"I am an old donkey!" said Janosh. "I always hurt you!"

"Never mind. I am sure it does not hurt me now. Don't fret, Janosh; and tell me what you were going to say."

"Oh, I was going to tell you, sir, that the weather is very bad."

"Indeed!" said Akosh.

"Yes, sir; and the potatoes which they are lifting to-day are done for. They won't be good enough for the pigs to eat."

"Indeed!"

"Ay! and I hope none of the gentlemen will hunt on our fields. It will spoil the crops. But," said Janosh, brightening up as if a sudden thought had struck him, "I do beg and entreat you, sir, don't grieve at it."

"At what?" said Akosh, astonished.

"Don't be sulky at the wound. It's a mere trifle. *I* can't say it does one good; no, indeed, I myself had a taste of it in the battle of Leipzig, and afterwards in France. But it doesn't do harm noways. You see there are no bones broken."

"Why, you old fool! you don't think, surely, I fret about my wound?"

"What else have you to grieve for?" said the hussar. "I know that you gentlemen feel every thing worse than we do. When we were on the march, our young gentlemen were as delicate as ladies. They lamented and cried out at the least hurt, and some of them were always a-going to the hospital. But they got used to it; ay, indeed they did, sir. We are all equal in war; and bullets

and sabres have no respect for gentle flesh and blood. Officers and men must do with little food or none, as the case may be; and when they get something to eat, they share it like brethren. You'd never believe it, sir, what doings there are in war."

Akosh smiled; but his face regained the whole of its former gloom as he said, "Believe me, Janosh, were it but for this trifling wound, I should not be sad. There are other sorrows to ——"

"Other sorrows — ay, so there are! How could I possibly forget it?" replied the old hussar, with a broad grin, for the purpose of making his master understand that his sorrows were known and appreciated — "isn't it about the notary's little Vilma? Oh! I know all about it. It's the same with love as with new tobacco, which makes your eyes run with tears from the mere looking at it. But do you know, sir, what I'd do if I were in your place?"

"What is that?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I'd marry her."

"You big fool! So I would if *I* had the last word to say in the matter."

"But who else has?" said the old man, shaking his head. "You won't be a cripple, sir, from this here little wound; and I am sure Vilma wouldn't take a man with three hands to your one. I'll be a cat,

if Vilma will ever be any other man's wife than yours!" Saying which, he left the room, shaking his head and muttering.

"The old fellow has hit the mark," said Kalman. "You are in no danger of losing Vilma's love. You have no cause for sorrow."

"Nor do I grieve on that account," replied Akosh, energetically; "Vilma's love is not so lightly lost as all that. But I am anxious in my mind because I'm uncertain about her future and mine."

"You're not accustomed to lie in bed. It makes you fanciful," said Kalman.

"No, I tell you, no! Never was man more inclined to look at the bright side of things than I am. I beat Vandory hollow; and in his own line too. But ever since that accident happened to me, I am altogether altered. My mind is filled with dark thoughts and bodings. I feel as if the hand of fate were upon me, and I would fain flee if I knew but whither."

"You've lost a precious deal of blood."

"No, it's not that!" said Akosh, shaking his head. "When I pressed Vilma to me, when I felt the beating of her heart, and when I was more happy than I ever thought it possible in my nature to be, it was then, Kalman, the thought struck me,

whether this was not my last joy, as it was my greatest. Hitherto my thoughts of Vilma were all of hope; but since I was thus rudely waked from my dream of bliss, I have examined my position more narrowly. I cannot say that it gives me much comfort. A man cannot make his wife happy unless he places her in a proper position, in which she can respect herself and claim the respect of others. If he fails in that, the utmost he can do is to share her grief, and become a partner of her sorrows; but he will never come to make her happy. Now that's *my* case. Vilma's father is at daggers-drawn with my parents."

Kalman sighed.

"Can I hope for my parents' consent? I don't mean a mere formal consent, which people give because they cannot help it, but a real, ready, hearty blessing, for it is that which I want for Vilma's happiness. Love scorns sufferance; it asks for sympathy; and if that is denied it, and from one's nearest relations too, my heart is lonely in spite of all love; though it may cling to the beloved object, it is in sorrow, not in joy. Mutual love is enough for bliss; but for that quiet happiness which we look for in marriage, a great deal more is wanted than two mere loving hearts."

don't deny it," said Kalman; "but time
wonders, let me tell you. At present the old
have indeed a cordial, ay, a *fraternal* hate
each other. Only think; when the Jew told
yi that his papers were gone, the notary was
e struck with the curious coincidence (for
it was) of his noble descent being put in
n at the very moment of the theft. He
of a deep laid plan, of a plot, the prime
of which was ——"

ɔt my father!" cried Akosh, anxiously.

ɔ, not exactly; besides, he is aware of my
ı in your family. But he talked of our friend
ıtspaw, whom, as I take it, he thinks but a
the hands of a third person."

y father is incapable of such a thing!"

ɛrhaps the notary does not suspect him so
ıs he does your step-mother. He had much
about the other robbery which they attempted
curate's, when the thieves, it appears, were
ıe after papers, for they touched none of the
in the room, but opened the drawer in which
ry kept his papers. Those papers have since
ɛmoved to Tengelyi's house; and the notary
ıe over and over again he was sure the two
ıes were done by one and the same hand, and

dship for Vandory, and the curate's power over
, which is even greater than his wife's influence,
a thousand other things, have made people
ve that he must have some means of acting
n your father; yes, that he knows of something
ch it would not be convenient to tell to every-
y; and since the attempted robbery, there is not
ockhead in the county but swears that there is
thing wrong somewhere."

All I can say is, that this is a strange thing.
we have two robberies in less than two months,
ntly for the purpose of obtaining the papers;
hen ——"

re the conversation was interrupted by Janosh,
entered with the surgeon of St. Vilmosh.

There, sir! there's some ice to put on your arm,
here's the *sawbones*. He'll put things to right
o time."

he little man who was thus unceremoniously
oduced as a "sawbones," cast an angry look at
hussar, walked up to his patient, examined the
nd, and expressed his satisfaction with its ap-
rance and condition; while Janosh, who always
his temper when he saw anybody but himself
inistering to his master's comforts, gnashed his
th, grumbling and discontented. He was wrong;

for Mr. Sherer, a Magyar of German extraction, who had successively exercised and failed in the various callings of shoemaker and barber, and who had become a surgeon by dint of great boldness, and by the grace of a rich widow, who had lent him money to pay for his diploma, was deserving of any thing but indignation. On the contrary, he was a very amiable man, who, during the sixteen years he had lived at St. Vilmosh, had never given occasion for the slightest complaint to those who, like Janosh, had never been ill.

"A nice wound! very nice! Yes, on my honour, pretty indeed!" said Sherer. "On my word of honour, I never saw a prettier wound in my life."

"I wish you'd been in the wars," murmured Janosh, "you'd have seen something like wounds, I tell you!"

"What do you know about it?" replied Sherer, "you'd value a wound by its size. Now, on my word and honour, a large wound is not at all nice."

"No, indeed not. But a small wound is; one that heals without troubling the sawbones."

Doctor Sherer (for by that title he loved to be called) turned away and asked:

"How has it pleased you to sleep, sir?"

"Very well."

"And how do you feel?"

"Quite well."

"You don't feel excited?"

"Oh no! not by any means."

"Ay, perfect apirexy, which means want of fever?"

"I should say so."

"Perhaps you have some appetite?"

"Yes, I have."

"Did I not tell you so? Almond milk works wonders in such cases!"

Akosh smiled.

"Nobody can think what healing powers there are in almond milk. You are quite well, eh? quite comfortable?"

"Yes, I am."

"On my word and honour, I am sorry they did not call me sooner! I would have bled you."

"Why should you, since my master is well?"

"Hold your tongue! On my word and—— I tell you that phlebotomy works wonders in such cases."

"The homœopathists never bleed people," said Akosh, with a degree of gravity which Kalman vainly attempted to imitate, when he saw the effect these words had upon the doctor.

"Homœopathists!" cried that learned person, with

a grin of rage. "Well, and what do *they* do? do they give you emetics, tonics, and hot medicines? Did any of them ever give you jalappa, bark, antispasmodic, antiphlogistic, antirheumatic, and aromatic medicines? Cardus benedictus, Rhabarbara, Tartarus, Sal mirabile Glauberi?"

"Stop!" cried Kalman. "I am as sick as a dog!"

"Who ever heard of a homœopathist blistering or putting any other plaster on you? I'll not talk of poultices, issues, cupping, and hot baths. On my word and honour, what's a doctor good for if he can't even give you a paltry black draught, Elixirum Viennense?"

"True, doctor," said Akosh; "a patient, if treated homœopathically, must do without a multitude of enjoyments. The healing art ought, above all,——"

"To heal!" interrupted Sherer; "and it's the doctor's duty to try every drug at the chemist's, and to call other medical men to a consultation, until his patient's recovery ——"

"Or death!" said Kalman.

"Bravo!" cried Janosh.

"Or death?" shrieked Doctor Sherer, highly disgusted. "On my word and honour, I tell you, gentlemen, a really good doctor saves nine patients

out of ten; and if the tenth dies, why so much the worse, for I am sure *he* suffered from an old complaint, or he applied for advice when no doctor could do him good. But suppose the patient were to die, sir; can that circumstance, trifling I may call it, relieve the doctor from his duty to give him everything which the professors teach at the university? On my word and honour, sir! answer me that, sir, if you can!"

"Oh, I can't. But the homœopathists too have their medicines, and cure their patients."

"Of course they do," sneered the doctor; "but then Nature does it for them. Nature works wonders in many cases."

"But what does that signify if the patient recovers?"

"Yes, sir, it does matter. If you don't help Nature, it will over-exert itself, and do more harm than good."

"But when your patients get well, who knows whether Nature or you did it?"

"We, sir; we do; we who have been at the university for not less than five years, where our professors have told us that a patient will not recover unless we give him certain medicines. Those ignoramuses who know nothing of science, those homœopathists who know neither chemistry nor mineralogy,

nor anthropophagy — anthropology I meant to say, they are always at their old tricks. Whenever we make a brilliant cure, they say that Nature has done it. But we know better! Why, on my word and honour, of what use would our studies at Pesth have been, if we did not know so much as that?"

"Certainly!" said Akosh. "What's the use of learning so many things if you know no more than anybody else?"

"True, sir; and catch a homœopathist with a bad case!" cried Sherer. "What does he do? He calls in an allopathist, as happened in the case of the old advocate at Dustbury."

"He died three days after he had fallen into the hands of the county physician," said Kalman. "I talked to the doctor who treated him first, and he told me that, seeing that the case was hopeless, and that the poor man's sufferings were great, he called in the county physician to finish him. The doctors of your class despatch people so quickly, you know."

This attack proved too strong for the surgeon's temper. He was convinced of the usefulness of his science, for that science gave him, as district surgeon, an annual income of three hundred florins, with the use of a house, not to mention fees, which were consider-

able. What Kalman said was to him worse than blasphemy; and unbounded were the disgust and scorn expressed in all his features, when he saw Janosh, radiant with joy, notifying his unqualified assent to, and approbation of, the jokes of young Kishlaki.

"Now is there a single grain of sense in all the doings of the homœopathists?" said he at length. "Suppose a man is ill. Suppose he has eaten a large quantity of Tarhonya, and he can't digest it. Now what does a homœopathist give him? On my honour and conscience, what else but the millionth part of a drop of camomile oil? Now all I want to know is, how you make it out? A large dish of Tarhonya and ——"

"Of course," cried Kalman; "but I can't understand why bark should cure me when I have the fever from stuffing myself with cake or cabbage?"

"I don't see how you should understand it," said the surgeon, with a smile of conscious superiority. "You are ignorant of the science of medicine. But, on my word and honour, it's the simplest thing in nature! Bark has got a certain secret power against the fever; nothing more natural than this. God has made bark for us to cure the fever with."

"But why did not God, when he created sausages

and cabbages in this country, which you know give us the fever, create bark likewise, since it's rather a long way from here to China?"

"All you can do is to talk!" said Mr. Sherer, shaking his head; "we cannot possibly converse with you on scientific subjects. But, now I'm sure, nobody will deny, that if a small dose can have any effect, the effect of a large dose must be still greater. If, therefore, the millionth part of a drop of camomile can do any good, *I* must do my patients more good still, because I give them three large cups of camomile tea; and this, after all, is the truth, for camomile tea, if you administer it in large quantities, works wonders."

"Why," said Kalman, "much depends on the quantity, I grant; but much depends likewise on the manner in which you administer the dose. Now Doctor, for instance, you may sit on a bundle of sticks, say for two hours and longer, without feeling greatly incommoded by the operation. But suppose a *single* stick be taken from the bundle, placed in the hand of — say of Janosh — and applied in a certain manner of his own, to a certain part of your own; I think, though the whole bundle did not cause any disagreeable sensations, yet the single stick — How do *you* think it would

act, Janosh?" continued Kalman, turning to the hussar, who laughed immoderately.

"My opinion is, that it is all the same with the homœopathy and the — I forget how you call it; but faith, it matters very little! Our lives are in God's hands, and when a man's last day is not come, he won't die though you were to call in a hundred doctors."

There is no saying what Doctor Sherer would have said or done, (for he looked *bistouris* at the impertinent hussar,) had not Lady Rety entered the room and interrupted the conversation. No sooner did the man of science see her, than he hastened to kiss her hands, pouring forth a long speech about cold water and ice, almond milk, camomile tea, and the wonderful effects of each and all of these invaluable medicines.

Lady Rety was rather ill-tempered, and she showed it to the surgeon as well as to Kalman, who received her with a low bow. But Akosh had always great influence with his step-mother, and even now she treated him, if not kindly, at least with politeness. Sitting down by his bed-side, she asked him, with a great show of interest, how he felt.

Doctor Sherer and Janosh left the room. Kalman saw that his society was not wanted; he went

to the other end of the room, opened the window, and looked down upon the garden. Lady Rety looked at Akosh. "Now you see," said she, with a low voice, "what comes of your running after women, instead of doing your duty at the election."

Akosh blushed, and said nothing.

"You need not blush. Vilma is pretty and——"

"My lady!"

But Lady Rety continued in the same tone.

"Vilma, I say, is a pretty woman; and as for you, young man, it would be too hard upon you if we would quarrel with you for taking what is freely offered. If the young woman does not care for her honour, why should you?"

"My lady!" said Akosh; "I entreat you, do not speak in this tone! Vilma——"

"Is a pretty woman," said the lady, with a sneer; "she is less correct than I thought she was, but that's her mother's affair, not mine. They over-educate these girls, and put strange fancies into their heads. Tengelyi ought to have known that such an education is not fit for a notary's daughter."

"Vilma is my betrothed," replied Akosh, who struggled manfully to keep his temper.

"Indeed?" said his step-mother, with a forced

smile. "Pray how many *fiancées* has your sultanship got?"

"She is the first," said Akosh, calmly, "and, I swear it, she shall be my last."

Lady Rety cast her eyes down, and was silent.

"You talk wildly," said she at length, with her former gracious smile. "Only think, Vilma to be a Lady Rety, and after such a scene!"

"Vilma being, as I told you, my betrothed, there is nothing extraordinary in the whole occurrence."

"My father used to say to my brother, 'Whenever you marry, pray don't take a woman who prefers you to her honour; for such a woman is likely to prefer another man to her husband.'"

Akosh frowned. "I entreat you, don't rail at your own sex, by speaking in this manner of a virtuous girl."

"Of course she is a virtuous girl. Master Akosh says it, and he ought to know!"

"Do as you please! Why should you not be allowed to talk of your daughter-in-law in any terms you like best?"

"*My* daughter-in-law! Are you aware that Tengelyi's noble descent is a matter of doubt?"

"I know it; but when Vilma is my wife she

does not want any proofs of nobility. To tell you the truth, that is another reason for me to marry her."

"Tengelyi protests that he has papers by which he can prove his descent ——"

"He *had* the papers, but they are gone. The Tengelyis have no one to rely on but me!"

"But I understand," said Lady Rety, anxiously, "that the robbery did not take place, — that the robber did not get the papers."

"On the contrary," replied Akosh, watching her emotion; "they left the money, and took the papers."

Strive as she would, Lady Rety's face was radiant with joy.

"Who do you think is the thief?" said she.

Akosh, who had never once taken his eyes from her, said that everybody suspected Viola of the robbery. Lady Rety rose at once, saying she was called away by business of very great importance.

Kalman, who had listened to the last part of the conversation, looked greatly amazed. Akosh sat up and pondered for a few moments. At length he said: —

"Did you not tell me that Tengelyi suspects my mother of having hired the thief?"

"He said as much."

"And do you think that it was Viola who committed the robbery?"

"It was either Viola or the Jew. But no papers have been found upon the latter."

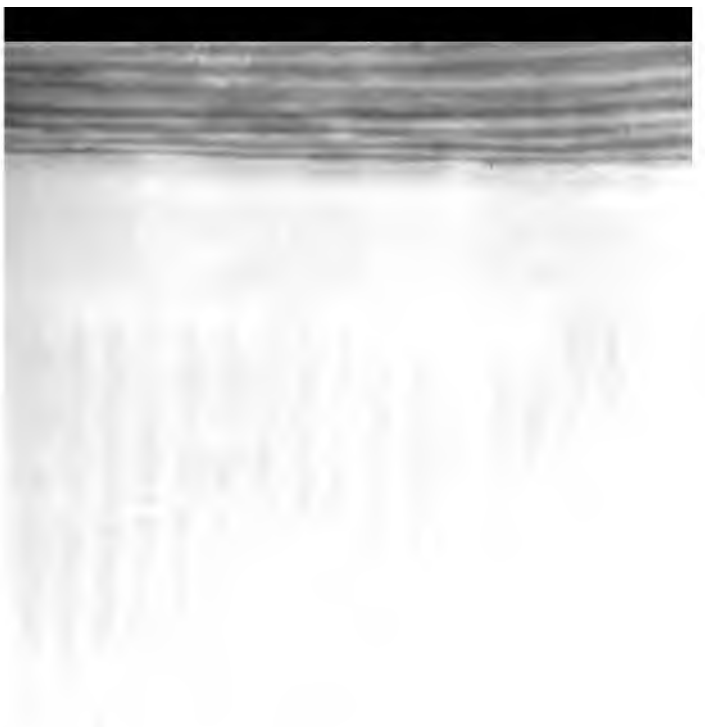
"Heaven knows I cannot bring myself to believe it," said Akosh, shaking his head. "But if Viola has the papers, I am sure he will return them."

"So he will, unless he has used them for wadding."

"Was it not you that told me of Viola's being seen with a certain Gulyash? Go to him at once, and promise any thing you like, to get the papers. This cursed wound of mine prevents my going to him, and yet it must be done. Make haste!"

Kalman had already seized his hat. "What a big fool I was, not to think of it!" cried he. "The Gulyash is sure to get us the papers."

Akosh remained in a gloomy and nervous state, which was at length interrupted by the appearance of Janosh, who told him that Lady Rety was closeted with Mr. Catspaw. Shortly afterwards the tramp of Kalman's horse was heard, as he left the Castle in a gallop, doing which he passed a carriage which the attorney was just about to enter.



NOTES TO VOL. I.

NOTE I.

COURTS-MARTIAL.

THE *Statarium* of the old Hungarian law is not exactly what is known in other European countries under the name of court-martial, though it has some affinity with that institution. Whenever housebreaking, highway robberies, and arson were rife in any of the Hungarian counties, the Palatine was empowered to give them the right of statarium for any term of months not exceeding one year, for the more efficient prevention of crime, and for the apprehension and punishment of the malefactors.

The Statarium, as an exceptional court, was composed of seven judges, who were appointed for the year, and empowered to take cognizance of and give judgment in any cases of robbery and arson that were committed in the county, provided always that the culprit was taken "*in flagranti delicto*," or "*in continuâ persecutione*," either in the act or immediately after, he being incessantly pursued all the while. In these cases the court gave summary judgment without appeal, and the

only verdict they were empowered to pronounce was a capital sentence. The culprit, if convicted, was hanged on the spot.

To make out a conviction, it was necessary that all the judges should agree. A single dissentient voice was enough to overthrow the verdict and to bring the culprit within the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts.

The minutes of the proceedings of the courts-martial, and the depositions of the witnesses, were sent to the Palatine, and examined by a commissioner; and the judges of the Statarium were responsible for each case.

It was moreover an old popular prejudice, that a prisoner ought not to be "roofed," that is to say, that he ought not to be confined in a gaol or house, if he was to be judged by a Statarium. In compliance with this prejudice, which, however, had no foundation in the laws of Hungary, the culprits were usually chained to a post in the open air.

Note II.

JAROMIR AND ANGYALBANDI.

The name of Jaromir, the Bohemian brigand, is probably known to the readers of German romances of the last thirty years. The story of his noble descent, guilty love, and wretched end, no matter whether a mere fiction or founded on facts, has been handed down through successive generations. The adventures of Jaromir obtained their *acmé* of popularity by Grillparzer's drama, "Die Ahnfrau," and by the lines,—

" Ja, ich bin's den du genannt!
Bin's den jene Häscher suchen,
Bin's dem alle Lippen fluchen!
Der in des Bauers Nachtgebet,
Hart, nahe an dem Teufel steht.
* * * * *
Ich bin der Räuber, Jaromir!"

Angyalbandi is a much more real personage than Jaromir. The facts of his case are of less dramatic interest, though certainly of greater truth, than the adventures of the Bohemian robber and his bride.

The name of Angyalbandi, for many years the terror of all the landed proprietors in Upper Hungary, was a *nomme de guerre*, which covered the aristocratic and truly respectable name of the Onodys. A member of that family, the Baron Onody, was so strongly gifted with those roving and robbing propensities which distinguished his Scythian ancestors, that he would leave his country seat near Mishkolz for days and weeks together, for the purpose of cattle-stealing. His talents in that line, his strength, activity, and boldness, filled the whole country with fear; and no nobleman or peasant thought his flocks safe from Angyalbandi's depredations, for the robber foiled all watchfulness and outran all pursuit. It so happened, in one of his expeditions, that he fell in with some fine horses near Debrezin; but his attempt to carry them off was discovered, the tocsin was sounded, and the chase commenced. Angyalbandi fled, and with the same horse he swam through the Theiss and the Danube — a feat which his pursuers did not care to imitate. After a long and successful career, Baron Onody was at length

and I hope to get a verdict against him, and see him hanged."

"Indeed? Do you know Baron Onody?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Atzel; "nor do I wish for his acquaintance."

"'Tis a pity, for you might make it with the greatest ease. He lives close by. Do you see that house on the hill? It's one of his farms."

"For God's sake, sir!" cried the lawyer, "let us make haste to your house and to your rifles. If Onody knew I was so near him, he would spare me as little as I intend to spare him!"

Thus urged, the stranger led Mr. Atzel to his house; supper was served, and the two men talked of Onody, his robberies, and the politics of the county, till a late hour, when the stranger rose, and, addressing his guest, "Mr. Atzel," said he, "from all you have told me, I see that you have a worse opinion of that poor fellow Onody than I have. He ——"

"He's a vagabond, sir! a disgrace to his station ——"

"Pray don't be personal, sir! *I* am the Baron Onody!"

Nothing can equal the dismay of the poor judge advocate. His host continued:

"I am not half so bad as you believe me to be. You've told me I can expect no mercy at your hands. You've sworn to my face that you will not rest until you see me hanged. Now I would not hurt you, though I could. You've had your supper. You will have a good bed to sleep in, and a breakfast in the morning. I will send you to Mishkolz with my own horses. That's what

I, Onody or Angyalbandi the robber, do to you. Now consider what are your intentions towards me, and tell me which is the worse man?"

Mr. Atzel was silent. We need not say that he passed a sleepless night, and that he congratulated himself on his good fortune when he was safe in Kashau. But so great was the impression which Onody's generosity had made upon him, that he exerted himself to the utmost to influence the Court in the culprit's favour; and the result was, that Baron Onody, instead of receiving a capital sentence, was condemned to twelve months' confinement in the county gaol of Kashau. His term of imprisonment over, he returned to his seat near Mishkolz, where he lived quietly and honestly, without ever stirring from his own estates; "lest," as he used to say, "the sight of some fine oxen or horses might again tempt him to a robber's life."

NOTE III.

ACTIO.

THE Hungarian law has certain provisions for the purpose of limiting and regulating the liberty of speech of political and judicial assemblies. A speaker who oversteps the limits of decency, or who indulges in personal abuse, is punished by the infliction of a fine of twenty-five florins. If he is not able to pay the amount of the fine on the spot, he is at liberty to leave his ring or his sword as a pledge, and to redeem them by the payment of eighty florins. The person who decides on a breach of order is

the Recorder of the county; but when a speaker is very offensive, the person or persons aggrieved signify their wish for the Recorder's interference by loud cries of "Actio! Actio!"

NOTE IV.

NAGYIDAI NOTA.

THE song of Nagyida. Nagyida is a small fortress in Hungary which, during the insurrection of Rakotzi, was garrisoned by a troop of gipsies, who defended it against an Austrian corps, and whose patriotic devotion was proof against the bribes and the attacks of the Austrian besieging army. Reduced at length to great distress, and without victuals and ammunition, the gipsies made so violent and bold a *sortie* from their fortress, that they broke through and routed the ranks of the Imperialists.

The Austrians fled in great confusion; and it was in the heat of the pursuit that a gipsy called after an Austrian officer, whose quickness of foot he was unable to compete with, "Run, you rascal! You are safe enough; but trust me, we would not let you off so easily, if we had half-a-pound of gunpowder left!"

Upon this, the Austrians rallied. They returned, stormed the fortress of Nagyida, and put the garrison to the sword. The song of the Nagyida, like the romance of the fall of Alhama, relates the history of that defeat, and bewails the sufferings of the gipsies. They keep the melody to themselves, and nothing can

induce them to play or sing it to any one who is not of their tribe.

Note V.

KANAZ.

A Kanaz is a swineherd. In the summer and autumn, the swine are turned out into the forest to fatten on acorns. Their keepers, who live almost always in the woods, and apart from the rest of the rural population, have repeatedly, and perhaps not unjustly, been accused of aiding and abetting the various bands of robbers, which, in consequence of Austrian misgovernment, have from time to time infested the counties of Upper Hungary.

Note VI.

GULYASHUS; PÖRKÖLT; TARHONYA.

A great deal might be said on the subject of Hungarian cookery; but we confine ourselves to three dishes, which stand in that country in lieu of the beef, puddings, and dumplings of Old England.

Gulyashus is made of beef, mutton, and bacon, cut in squares, and stewed with Hungarian pepper (Paprica), spices, and onions. It is very much like an Irish stew, without the potatoes.

Pörkölt is beef cut in slices, and roasted with paprica, and without any gravy.

Tarhonya has some resemblance with the Kuskusu of

the Arabs. It is a kind of cake or pudding of stale and dried dough, which they fry with bacon or boil in milk.

NOTE VII.

PROTEST.

A FORCIBLE entry into a house, or the seizure of goods and chattels on the premises of a nobleman, could be prevented by the owner of the house, or his representative, protesting against the proceedings. His protest was justified only in the case of a violation of forms. If the defendant was of opinion that such a violation had taken place, he seized a stick or a sword, and holding it up, he exclaimed: "I protest." Upon this the officers of justice were bound to stay the proceedings, and to leave the premises; while the defendant was equally obliged, within a reasonable time, to make his appearance in court, and to plead in justification of his protest. If his plea was disallowed, he was usually fined for vexatious opposition. If, on the contrary, the court admitted the validity of the plea, the cause was argued *ab initio;* and in this second suit, no opposition to stay proceedings was admissible.

We will take this opportunity to say a few words about the terms "nobleman" and "peasant," which frequently occur in "THE VILLAGE NOTARY," and indeed in most Hungarian works. The term nobleman, in the general Hungarian acceptation, means neither more nor less than a freeman; and the peasant, as the unprivileged

class of the population, may be said to be in a state of villanage. The privileges of the Hungarian constitution, namely, liberty of speech, freedom from unwarranted arrest, the privilege of not being subjected to corporal punishment, the right to elect their own magistrates, and a variety of similar immunities, are, in all the charters, described in terms which for a long time caused them to be confined to the descendants of the ancient conquerors of the country, or to those persons who obtained the freedom of Hungary by a grant of royal letters patent.

The rest of the community, the Jews, Razen, gipsies, Russniaks, and other tribes, are mentioned as "hospites," guests or strangers, who have no political rights. Whether bound to the soil, like the peasants, or migratory, like the Jews and gipsies, the "hospites" were alike unprotected by law and at the mercy of all the whims, neglects, and cruelties of a legislature, which bears traces at once of the fierceness of their Turkish neighbours and the pedantic vindictiveness of the Hapsburgs. It was to break the yoke which for many centuries weighed down upon the unfortunate "*villains*" and "aliens" of Hungary, that the Reform party exerted itself against the Hungarian Conservatives and the Court of Vienna.

NOTE VIII.

TSHIKOSH AND GULYASH.

THE former are persons who have the care of horses in the pasturage; while the latter are the herdsmen of

horned cattle. The Tshikosh and Gulyash, like the Kanaz or swineherds, are a fierce and indomitable race, inured to fatigue and the severity of the weather, active and enduring. In the late attempted war of liberation, the Tshikosh were formidable enemies to the Austrian cavalry, whom they pulled down with a peculiar whip, consisting of a short handle with a long leather thong and a leaden bullet at the end of it, and which they used very much as the Texans and Mexicans do the lasso.

NOTE IX.

TURKEY.

THE Hungarians still indulge in symbolic cookery. A welcome and honoured guest is sure to be regaled with a turkey; while the serving up of a sucking-pig, no matter how well roasted, is a hint to the stranger that his presence is not agreeable to the family which he visits.

NOTE X.

GATYA.

THE linen trowsers which the Hungarian peasants wear have the name of Gatya. They are a distinguishing feature in the dress of the peasant population.

NOTE XI.

SZEGENY LEGENY.

THE verbal translation of szegeny legeny is "poor fellows"—that is to say, *robbers*. The tender regard of the Hungarian peasantry for robbers, and the almost endearing name which the people gave them, is in itself a proof of misgovernment and the perversion of justice.

NOTE XII.

"I EAT HIS SOUL!" AND "I EAT HIS HEART!"

THESE are phrases of great tenderness, which the lower classes in Hungary are in the habit of using, especially when speaking of their children, or of those whom they treat as such. Of course the diet would not agree with an English stomach.

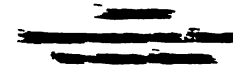
NOTE XIII.

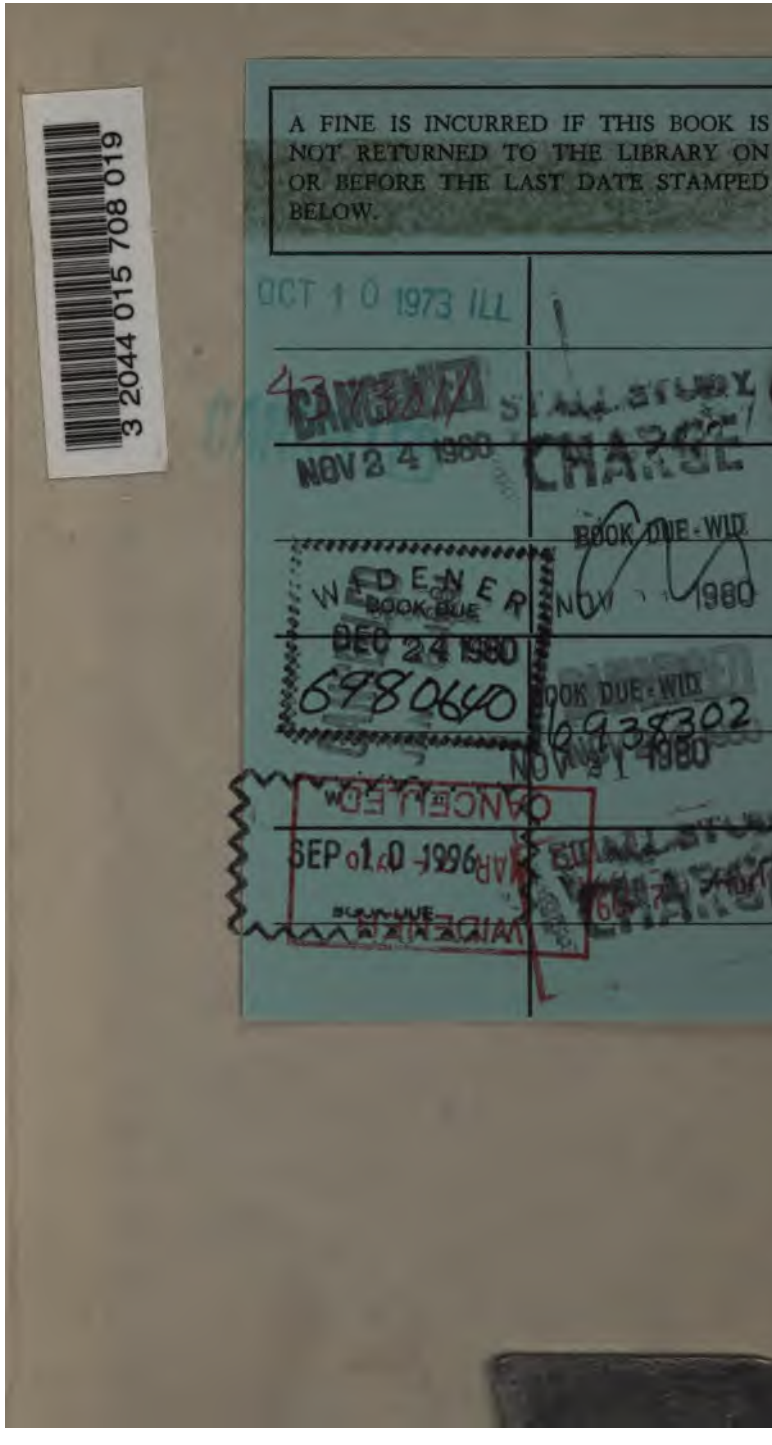
DERESH.

THE "Deresh" is a bench on which culprits are whipped. A Hungarian freeman is exempt from corporal punishment; but the persons who are in a state of villanage are but too frequently exposed to the most brutal treatment. Every traveller in the Austrian countries is struck with the frequent use of the words "whipping" and "hanging," which seem to be standard expressions of an Austrian discourse. These two great nostrums for

the cure of all the vices that society is heir to, have been liberally introduced into all the Crownlands; and it was against the spirit and the practice of such abuses that the Magyar party in Hungary directed their opposition.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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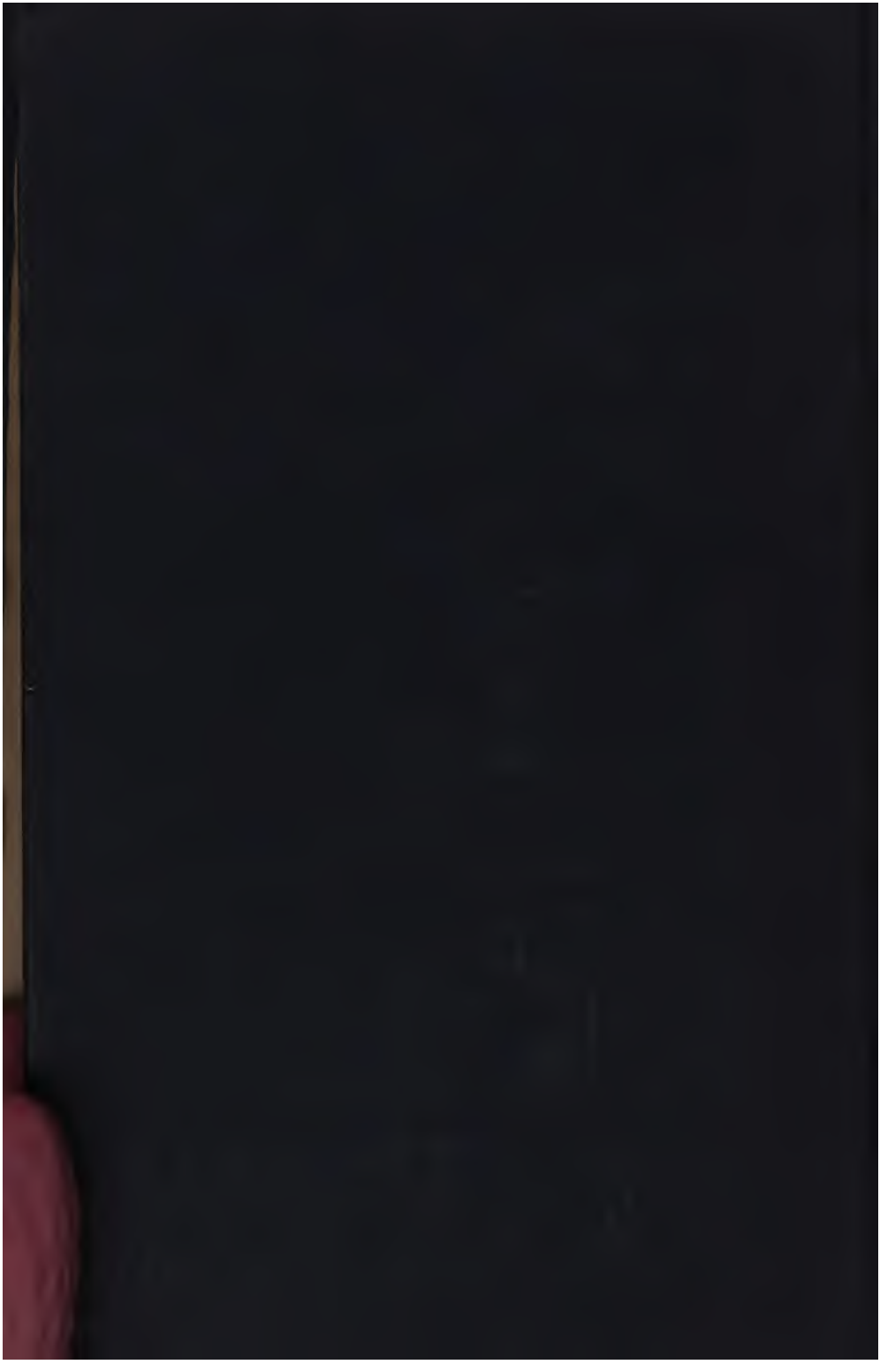
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